The Enterprise.

VOL. 3. BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898. NO. 26.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:27 A. M. Daily.
9:14 A. M. Daily.
12:45 P. M. Daily.
6:57 P. M. Daily.
8:04 P. M. Sundays only.

SOUTH.

7:33 A. M. Daily.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:03 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
7:58 P. M. Sundays Only.
12:19 A. M. Saturday night Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
8:55 A. M.	9:02 A. M.
9:10 "	9:40 "
9:50 "	10:20 "
10:30 "	11:00 "
11:10 "	11:40 "
11:50 "	12:20 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:00 "
1:10 "	1:40 "
1:50 "	2:20 "
2:30 "	3:00 "
3:10 "	3:40 "
3:50 "	4:20 "
4:30 "	5:00 "
5:10 "	5:40 "
5:50 "	6:00 "

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	7:50	4:20
" South	10:20	3:50

MAIL CLOSES.

North.....8:45 a. m.
North.....6:40 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Afternoon Services at 4 p. m. two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:00 p.m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p.m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

Joseph Levy to Manuel Cardosa Garcia, lot 8, Levy's Addition to Pescadero....$ 10
Bowie Estate Company to Bodel Nelson, lot 4, block 21, Western Addition to San Mateo..... 10
Thomas Coleman to Ellen Theresa Coleman, lot 10, block 7, San Mateo..... 5
John B. Cronan to Minnie C. Cronan, lots in City Extension Homestead..... Gift
John Daley to E. A. Husing, lot 41, block 17, San Mateo..... 10
South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co. to Thomas Butler, 22 acres.. 10
Geo. W. Chapin and wife to M. F. Blanchard, part of lot 1, block 40, Abbey Homestead..... 10
Catherine Campbell to Mary McDonnell, 40 acres..... Gift
Cornelia P. Stambaugh to Martha Norman, lot 10, block 51, Eastern Addition to Redwood City..... 10
Wm. H. Howard to Christian Cappes, part of block 25, Burlingame..... 10
J. C. Jamison and wife to George Armstrong, lots 1 and 2, block 39, Eastern Addition to Redwood City..... 10

MORTGAGES.

Charles F. Thompson and wife to John Smith, all real estate owned by them.. 3000
Christian Cappes and wife to San Mateo Mutual B. & L. Ass'n, part of block 25, Burlingame..... 300

The new tanks added to the cyanide works at Tuscarrora, Nev., will more than double the capacity of the plant, enabling it to keep pace with the mills, which are now producing more tailings than can be cyanided.

The Tehachapi Times says that a mill there is now assured as the railroad company has agreed to supply the water for a nominal sum, its surplus being all that is required for the purpose.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Rolled Down to Suit Our Busy Readers.

Redlands and Riverside are overrun with burglars.

The Santa Fe company will double its shop capacity at Winslow.

The Sunset Telephone Company has been granted a franchise in Redlands.

Ventura has a typhoid fever epidemic and the people are drinking boiled water.

Spanish and Mexican citizens held a big Easter celebration at San Juan Capistrano.

The site of the postoffice at Miami, Mariposa county, has been removed three miles north.

New grass is growing finely on the ranges in Grant county, Or., and range stock will soon be in clover.

Newgushers at Coalinga, Fresno Co., Cal., now give that district a daily petroleum product of 800 barrels.

Meat Inspector Hughes of Los Angeles continues to find colts and horses dressed for meat on sale in the local markets.

At the Riverside city election the Prohibitionists carried the day against the high license advocates by a decisive majority.

R. E. Russell, Mgr. Stockton and Tuolumne railroad, says the new railroad will be built to Sonora, Cal., before the end of '98.

Wasco, in Sherman county, is soon to have another paper, to be called the People's Republic. W. J. Peddicord will be editor and manager.

The State of Sonora, Mexico, which produced in gold in 1895 $1,907,601, and in 1896 $2,550,500, shows an increase of almost 40 per cent for 1897.

Track laying is finished on the Astoria and Columbia River railroad from Astoria, Or., to Globe, forty miles from Portland and sixty miles from Astoria.

Reports from Southern Humboldt are to the effect that March frosts have not materially injured fruit blossoms, therefore an abundant crop is anticipated.

J. W. Burk, who was arrested in Klamath Falls recently, suspected of having burned A. D. Carrick's dwelling, has been held to the grand jury in $500 bonds.

Miguel Linares, aged 64, who sued Mercede Dressard, aged 75, in Los Angeles, for $20,000 damages for breach of promise, has been given damages for $1, plaintiff and defendant to pay their own costs.

The Bear Valley reservoir in San Bernardino county is very low. Only one-fourth of the usual supply of water is on hand. Riverside ranchers are seriously concerned over the prospect for water this summer.

The Ashland mine stamp mill, which has been undergoing a thorough overhauling from one end to the other, has started up on ore from the Ashland, and it is the intention to keep it hammering away 24 hours in the day from this time on.

The gap in the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company's line between Herron, Mont., and Mullen, Idaho, 125 miles, is to be closed, making a continuous line from Livingstone, Mont., to San Francisco, the longest telephone connection in the world.

A number of sheepmen who range their flocks in that portion of Grant county, Or., known as Big Basin, about 15 miles below Dayville, have been furnished with warnings from the citizens bearing the significant and gruesome picture of a big gun and the skull and marrow bones of a supposed dead sheepman, says the Canyon City News.

The litigation that has practically tied up the Nevada Southern, sometimes called the California Eastern, has all been cleared away and General Manager Siebert now confidently expects to be able to build at least as far as Goode Springs this summer, a distance of fifty miles or so. This road can tap Southern Utah and Salt Lake City quicker than any other proposed line.

The steamship Alameda, from Sydney via Auckland and Honolulu, recently brought $2,000,000 in English sovereigns. This is a total since last fall of $18,500,000, and is in payment for the balance of trade in favor of the Pacific coast for wheat, flour, lumber, canned goods, etc. Since February 25, N. Y. City has imported $25,000,000 gold from Europe.

Specifications for the iron frame work for the San Francisco Postoffice are now ready and will be forwarded to San Francisco within a week or two. There will be at least three weeks' advertisement for bids and this will put the time for awarding the contract about the middle of June, owing to the time necessary for the transmission of the bids from San Francisco and for work on them at Washington.

Americans who have taken a contract with Ecuador for building the railroad from Guayaquil to Quito are to get $17,432,000. At the starting point, Quito, the track will be 9350 feet above the sea. Chimborazo will be crossed at an altitude of 12,300 feet, and there are other points where 11,800 and 11,980 feet are reached. The road will be 404 miles in length, at an average cost per mile of $43,396 in gold.

Of Los Angeles oil territory, Prof. Strasburg tells the Herald that unless further local oil territory is developed soon the few remaining lots will all be drilled upon in the next thirty days, and present prices must advance. The amount of fuel oil above ground in the city of Los Angeles is in the neighborhood of 300,000 barrels, of which 225,000 barrels is in the market, with the present monthly consumption of fully 85,000 barrels. The production for the month of April should be about 90,000 barrels.

Harry P. Cross, Yale '95, who coached the Stanford football team for their 20 to 0 victory of 1896 has been secured by Football Manager W. A. Prichard to coach the team for the season of 1898. The selection was made after a thorough canvass of the Eastern field and correspondence with all of the leading football authorities, among them Walter Camp, and it meets with the heartiest approval of the entire student body and faculty of the university.

A man claiming to be John E. Rose, a deserter from the Presidio at San Francisco, voluntarily surrendered to the police at Ogden the other day. Rose says he left the Presidio on September 3d last, was drinking and was shanghaied on board the Inverness, a ship bound for Liverpool. From Liverpool he was carried back to New York and has been making his way back to San Francisco to surrender to his own officers. The prospect of hostilities made him anxious to return, hence his surrender.

Canadian customs people at Vancouver, B. C., are indiscriminately destroying healthy shrubs and trees sent from New York and California. Vancouver and Victoria citizens are greatly incensed at the outrage. The customs people say they are empowered by the act to burn up all shrubs, trees, fruit, etc., coming from infected districts. They allege that the goods destroyed come from districts in California and New York affected by the San Jose scale.

The Tacoma city council has passed a resolution providing that all civil service examination papers shall be returned to those who took the competitive test. The matter created much argument as the civil service sympathizers hoped to prevent the papers now in charge of the old commission falling into the hands of the city clerk, as provided for in the resolution. Interesting data, it is expected, will soon be made public, in connection with the examinations, which heretofore has been carefully kept secret.

There is a congestion of freight at Tacoma bound for San Francisco, between there and Anacortes. It consists mainly of 10,000 tons of grain purchased by California millers because of a short home supply. Five thousand tons of grain have accumulated here for shipment by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's vessels. The warehouse being largely full of other freight, much of the grain remains in cars of the track. Several extra steamers have already been pressed into service to relieve the tendency to congestion there, but even this increased service leaves more grain in sight than can be handled for several weeks.

Can Hogs Have Cholera Twice?

A prominent hog man, in writing on cholera, says: "I notice the inquiry in agricultural papers whether sows that have passed through the cholera will be liable to take it again and will their pigs coming afterward be liable to cholera?

"A number of years ago I had, among other hogs, twelve brood sows at home and bought a bunch of hogs that had recently passed through cholera. Although the hogs bought were apparently well and healthy, my home hogs took cholera from them and a good many died. I only saved two runty pigs from the twelve sows.

"Immediately after buying the hogs, a few sows of those bought took the boar, and those sows raised healthy litters of pigs right among the hogs that were dying, neither the hogs I bought nor the pigs from them being affected with the disease. I have noticed since immunity from the disease in sows and their pigs where sows had lately passed through the disease, and have never known a hog that recovered from the cholera to have it again. I do not know whether immunity to the offspring lasts as long as the sow lives or whether, as is claimed in case of vaccination in human beings, the effect may run out. I certainly consider hogs that have passed through the cholera without constitutional injury, much safer for breeders."

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Budget of News for Easy Digestion—All Parts of the Country Represented—Interesting Items.

Senator Shoup of Idaho has introduced in the Senate a bill providing protection for miners who may want to go to the front in the volunteer army. The measure sets forth the provision of the present mining laws under which any claim on which assessment work amounting to $100 has not been performed each year shall be subject to forfeiture, and then makes an amendment to the effect that in no case shall there be a forfeiture where the miner was serving any part of the year in the Army as a volunteer.

The Russian government has placed orders for two 12,000-ton battleships in the United States, according to information which has reached the navy department. The new vessels are to equal any afloat or designed in the world, and are to be superior to anything in the fighting line heretofore produced in this country. They and all their equipment will be American in manufacture as well as in material. The Cramps will build the hulls and machinery, and the Bethlehem Iron Company the armor and the funnels.

News has been received of the death at Dresden of Captain Henry B. Noble, U. S. A. He was apointed to West Point military academy from New York in July, 1856, became second lieutenant of the Eighth infantry May 6, 1861, and first lieutenant June 11, 1861. For gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Cedar Mountain he was breveted captain August 9, and commissioned captain February 15, 1863. He was retired for disability on line of duty Feburary 18, 1866.

All the Supreme and Appellate Judges, all the State officials at Indianapolis, with many others, have forwarded a petition to President McKinley requesting that 500,000 men constitute the first call. The petition concludes as follows: "No such opportunity probably will present itself soon to impress upon the world a conception of our resources in time of war, and in our judgment nothing would more conduce to a speedy peace."

There has been marked improvement in the demand for California dried fruits at New York within the past few days. Orders, however, have been chiefly for small lots needed for immediate consumption. Speculative interests are dormant, the only approach to it being an increased demand for apricots, which, according to the most conservative reports, promise short crop. Next in importance is the enlarged demand for prunes, which comes usually at this season, but which this year is being inadequately supplied because of the scarcity of the sizes most wanted, notably forty and fifty and ninety to one hundreds. The demand for larger sizes of prunes has been and continues to be fairly active, though as a rule buyers are satisfied to cover immediate needs and show little interest in the future. It is the same with apricots and peaches, except that the supply of desirable grades of the two last named appear to be smaller than usual at this season.

NEWS NOTES.

At Grand Encampment district, Wyoming, considerable development work is going on, and an English company has purchased several claims.

A great many wingdams are being built in California rivers this year, as the streams will be lower than ever before and the river miners expect large rewards.

The Eliot Bros., John C. Wood, S.G. Ferris and Andrew Fenicle have sold their interests in the mining property on the west bank of Klamath river near Cottage Grove, in Dillon District, to C. G. Hutchinson, reppresenting Chcago syndicate.

Captain Davidson of the Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., who has seen much Western service, says there is fear of a serious uprising among the Indians of Oklahoma and several Western States. He says: "Those officers who do not go to Cuba will have no reason to feel disappointed. There is a good chance of our having some fun in the West as well as in Cuba. The Indians are restless. There are several old chiefs who have submitted to the laws only bceause of the presence of the soldiers. They are not fools. They know that if ever they stand a show in battle it is now, that the regular troops are moved. I may be wrong, but in my opinion we will have serious trouble with the Indians."

At the coming fair, to be held in North Yakima, Wash., September 26 to October 1, a school will be conducted by the heads of the different departments, where experts in their calling will deliver lectures on dairying, horticulture, agriculture and bee culture.

J. L. WOOD,
Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.
Orders Solicited.

FRANK MINER,
Contractor FOR
Grading and Teaming-work
OF ALL KINDS.
No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
Office and Stables, Lux Avenue,
South San Francisco, Cal.

The People's Store
GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
BADEN, CAL.
This *is the Only Store in San Mateo County that* SELLS
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,
AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.
Give Us a Call and be Convinced.
M. F. HEALEY,
Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.
ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.
Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.
LINDEN AVENUE,
Between Armour and Juniper Avenues
Leave Orders at Postoffice.

I. GOLDTREE & CO.,
Commission Brokers,
(Casserley's Seven-Mile House,)
SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.
Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

PIONEER GROCERY
GEORGE KNEESE
Groceries . and . Merchandise . Generally.
—:o:—
BAKERY.
Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.
FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.
—:o:—
My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than city prices.
My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.
GEO. KNEESE,
206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.
GENERAL :-: MERCHANDISE.
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES
CROCKERY,
MEN'S CLOTHING
ETC., ETC., ETC.
:-: Free Delivery. :-:
Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.
Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.
J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.
Corner Grand .....and.....San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE.

E .E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

Oh, Havana! What an odor Connecticut is raising in thy name!

It seems to be a peculiarity of French criminal trials that the conviction precedes the prosecution.

A Denver saloon-keeper offers a printed war song with each drink. The song probably is enough to drive anyone to drink.

When the ocean is not big enough to accommodate our new navy any longer without crowding, we will buy another ocean, that's all.

That Hamburg astronomer who claims to have discovered a second moon must have used an unusually large glass—a "schooner," perhaps.

Recent statistics prove that the consumption of whisky throughout the West is steadily decreasing. That shows what became of the air ship.

American bicycles have become so popular in Germany that German manufacturers are hunting for methods to keep Americans out of the market.

We are constantly told that "Spain has great pride." It is fortunate that she has. She doesn't seem to be overstocked with anything else, except it is diabolism.

The modern folding bed and the sensational newspaper correspondents are both employed for lying purposes, but the similarity ends right there. The bed shuts up occasionally.

A poet in the London Spectator has excited the derision of the English speaking world by remarking "I try to remember the future." Yet how many people have suffered disaster by carelessness in the matter of futures.

An Eastern advertiser prints a picture of a campaign rooster over an advertisement, saying: "This is the hen that laid the eggs that we sell 16 for 25 cents a dozen." That advertiser should be arrested for a fraudulent use of the male.

Special dispatches from Cadiz, Ky., announce that Miss Beatrice Cunningham of that place has recently published a novel, the sale of which she is now accelerating by giving a kiss with each book. She probable will do a fine male order business.

Oscar Wilde is undeniably a wit, even though he may be wicked. "How are English prisoners treated?" some one asked him after his own release. "Why," he responded, "England treats her prisoners so badly that she does not deserve to have any."

There is a bad state of affairs in Cleveland, Ohio. The Plain Dealer reports a man as saying: "My cigar last night cost me a dollar." "How so?" queried his friend. "I smoked it at home, and my wife was sure the gas was leaking and telephoned for a plumber."

A bachelor philosopher remarks that "no man ever wants to kiss a girl after he has once seen her hold a nickel the conductor has given her for change between her teeth, while she gets her purse open," and he further intimates that such a girl is only fit to kiss a pug dog. Of course bachelors are not always responsible critics.

A little girl in a New York school screamed at the sight of a mouse. The children became panic-stricken and rushed screaming out of the room, the teachers ordered a fire drill, a fire alarm was rung in, distracted parents fought to enter the building and save their children from the supposed flames. And all for one small mouse. Rash is the man that dares to laugh at the feminine fear of a mouse!

A watchmaker who brought suit for divorce a year ago has been arrested at the instigation of his wife thirty-five times since then, and has spent the major portion of his time in jail awaiting trial on some frivolous charge or other trumped up by the woman. The poor watchmaker is quite run down, and wants this sort of prosecution wound up at once.

One can easily see why Englishmen wish success to plans for the liberation of Cuba. Their losses through the devastation of the island are only less grievous than our own. Scores of cotton and tobacco estates are owned or mortgaged in England, and almost all the money invested in the insular railways came from London. It is with English capital that public works were undertaken in a number of Cuban cities between 1878 and 1894. No interest or dividend will be forthcoming on any of these securities until peace has been restored in the island.

It is somewhat remarkable, when one considers the matter, that the line officers of the navy have never asked themselves what they would do some day, with ships to command and no engineers competent to manage the motive power. They are men upon which heavy responsibility rests, day and night, in peace or war, and there have been many instances of mental and physical breaking down. There are captains, commanders and lieutenants enough for the new ships, but no engineers, and competent engineers can not be secured offhand.

Not since the opening of the century has the earth been so far filled with stern threat and preparation for armed conflict, and it is where the commercial spirit runs highest that the talk of war is loudest. The armaments of the great commercial powers have never been so large either relatively or absolutely as to-day, but this is not enough, and to England's special call for $120,000,000 for more war ships, France echoes $100,000,000, Russia $70,000,000, Germany quite as much, and the United States anywhere from $50,000,000 up in special regular army and navy bills.

Ex-United States Senator B. K. Bruce is dead. Next to Fred Douglass he was the most conspicuous representative of the colored race in America. He served one term as Senator from Mississippi. Was born a slave in Virginia in 1841. The tutor of his master's son taught him to read. After the war he became a student at Oberlin and finally settled as a planter in Mississippi. He was county superintendent of education, sheriff and held various State offices before he was elected to the United States Senate. He was Register of the Treasury under Garfield and was reappointed by McKinley to that office.

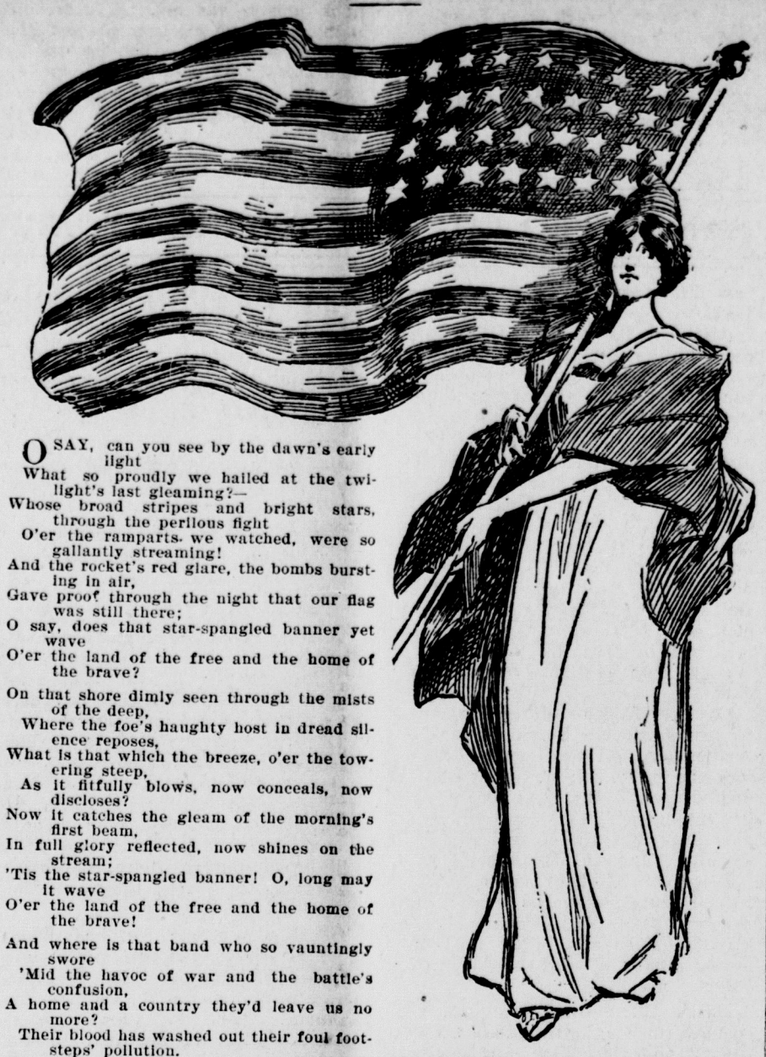
Nothing can be more grateful to the American people than the complete unanimity of the testimony borne by all who have visited Havana to the fidelity and efficiency displayed by Consul General Lee in the discharge of his delicate and responsible duties. Among the last to offer his testimony on the subject is Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who said in a speech in the Senate: "General Lee is deserving of the highest possible praise for the manner in which he carries himself in Havana. Cool and fearless in the midst of difficulties and dangers, he never loses sight of the fact that he is an American citizen; nor is he unmindful of the tremendous responsibilities and duties of his position."

With the return of the cycling season when century runs by organized clubs are of daily occurrence, the question of permitting women to take part in these long-distance trips is again discussed. It is maintained that century runs have become athletic competitions, such as require the utmost physical endurance on the part of the riders, and that constitutionally a woman is not sufficiently strong for such a fatiguing test. Distinguished medical authorities pronounce the task of covering so great a distance as a hundred miles in a day awheel exceedingly harmful, on account of the prolonged nervous and physical strain involved, for which women rarely possess the requisite physique, and for other reasons that physicians only can properly appreciate. There are few organized runs of a hundred miles in which some of the participants do not fail to complete the century. This being true of men, it is by so much the more evident that women should refrain from the practice. Aside from the injurious physical results that attend century riding by women, the question presents another view even more important, that of the propriety of women engaging in such runs. The example of women attending the ordinary open century run, in which the proportion of the participants is rarely less than fifty men to one woman, who rides generally without escort from early morning to late night, in the common ruck, is not calculated to elevate cycling, particularly among women. Rather it has a tendency to degrade the sport. The necessary or usual incidents attending century runs are not conducive to the cultivation of feminine graces and should receive the stamp of disapproval by the cycling public. Resolutions condemning the practice are being considered by bicycle organizations. If women lack the good sense and good taste to determine this matter for themselves, the men should determine it for them.

A case has just been decided in England that is of interest in this country, for the circumstances are very like those that have frequently occurred in the United States, but which have not reached the courts. The case was based upon the charge of manslaughter in a game of football. The game was being played under the association football rules, which were designed specially to limit the hazard in playing the game in question. It was claimed that the defendant, contrary to the rules of the game, charged the deceased from behind and threw him violently forward against the knees of another player, from which he received injuries that caused his death. The judge held that "the rules of the game were of little consequence, for no association could override the law in such a manner, nor could it make lawful and innocent that which was dangerous. The law of the land declares that it is unlawful to do that which is likely to cause the death of another, and liability cannot be avoided by the enactment of rules reducing the danger," and the prisoner was held for manslaughter. The judge said: "But, on the other hand, if a man is playing according to the rules and practice of the game, and is not going beyond it, it may be reasonable to infer that he is not acting in a manner which he knows will be likely to produce death." In the heat of playing the game men forget, in the desire to win, to observe the rules that have been adopted in order to reduce the risk to a minimum and do things that result fatally to their opponents. Football has become established as one of the most popular of all our American sports, but however it may be hedged about with rules it is a dangerous game, a fact that is too well attested to admit of dispute. The English case was brought to put a stop to the lawlessness of the game as it has been played at Rugby, and it is probable that it will be ample to inspire some respect for the lives and limbs of men engaged in the spirited contests.

A petty politician always wants to be taken seriously.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



O SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

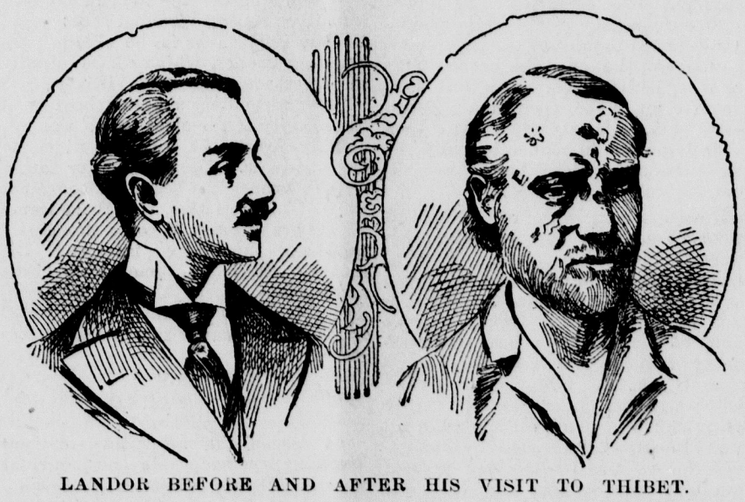
"BEFORE AND AFTER."

Trips to Thibet's Holy City Not Conducive to Good Looks.

Last summer Mr. Henry Savage Landor, artist, author and traveler, and grandson of the celebrated Walter Savage Landor, undertook an exploring expedition through Thibet. His objective point was the sacred city of Lhassa, to which entrance is forbidden on pain of death to strangers, and especially to Europeans. It was a most daring enterprise, but one that appealed strongly to Mr. Landor's adventurous spirit.

Mr. Landor had almost succeeded in getting within the gates of Lhassa when his disguise was discovered and he was taken prisoner. All his companions, except two faithful coolies, deserted him and fled. The Thibetans inflicted the most horrible torture upon him. His body was seared with red-hot irons until he was almost lifeless. Then he was condemned to be beheaded, and was actually taken to the place of execution.

The grand lama, who appeared on the scene, however, decided to commute Mr. Landor's sentence. His life was spared, but for over a week he was subjected to the agony of the rack. How he survived can only be explained by his marvelous fortitude and iron constitution. The torture concluded, he was bade to leave the country at once, and it goes without saying that he did not tarry.



LANDOR BEFORE AND AFTER HIS VISIT TO THIBET.

When Mr. Landor left for Thibet he was in the best of health, the picture above on the left showing him to be both youthful and handsome. The picture on the right was taken after his return. It shows a man seemingly aged and a physical wreck. Of the twenty-two scars of wounds he bears, many are on his face.

Mark Twain and a Lyceum Manager.

Before we left the ante-room he particularly requested me not to introduce him to the audience, and I told him (for he called it "a whim of his") that this little whim of his should be respected. When we reached the stage I began, after a while, to feel not a little nervous for fear that he would never introduce himself. But he at last arose, and taking a semi-circular sweep to the left, and then proceeding to the front, opened something like this:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I—have—lectured — many — years—and—in—many—towns—large—and—small. I have traveled—north—south — east — and—west. I — have—met—many—great—men; very—great—men. But—I—have never—yet—in—all—my—travels — met — the—president—of—a—country—lyceum—who—could—introduce—me — to — an —audience—with—that—distinguished—consideration—which — my merits deserve."

After this deliverance the house, which had stared at me for several minutes with vexed impatience for not "pressing the button," was convulsed at my expense, and gave him unremitting attention to the end.—Harper's Magazine.

Took Two Telephones.

"We used to have the best fellow in our employ that I ever knew," declared the head of one of the biggest telephone exchanges in the country. In fact, he was too good for us to be able to keep him, and now he's a promoter making barrels of money. He could place more telephones than any other half dozen men in our employ, and I'll give you just one sample of his shrewdness.

"There was a wealthy old Frenchman with large interests that we wanted as a patron. After all the rest of our solicitors had called upon him we sent our best man. He learned that the Frenchman thought the telephone a great invention and a great money saver, but he could not be made to understand that they were adapted to any other language than English. He had to converse in French with many of his business friends and employes.

"All the others had tried to convert him, but 'Oily Slick,' as we had dubbed him, took the other tack and humored the old gentleman. He at once assured him that we had French receivers and transmitters, and immediately put up a temporary line to show that he was not misrepresenting goods. When French was sent and received over the wire, the result delighted the man of wealth, and 'Oily' actually sold two sets of telephones for a dozen places where they could be made useful in the old man's business, charging $5 apiece more for the French than for the English. It was six months before he discovered that he had a superfluous lot of telephones on hand. Then he laughed as heartily as any one and tried to hire 'Oily' to go on the road."—Detroit Free Press.

A Beautiful Passage.

A very vain preacher having delivered a sermon in the hearing of the Rev. Robert Hall, pressed him, with a mixture of self-complacency and indelicacy, to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. At length Mr. Hall admitted, "There was one very fine passage." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

HENRIK IBSEN.

The Great Norwegian Writer Was 70 Years Old the Other Day.

Ibsen clubs and various other literary and dramatic organizations the world over recently celebrated the 70th birthday of Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian writer. Few foreign men of letters have attracted such universal attention as this retiring and frequently almost inaccessible Norwegian writer. Of his works much is known; of his personality, little.

Ibsen was born in the little town of Skien, in a mountainous region of Norway, and his early life was passed under restrictions that were far from having a tendency to develop the latent genius of the boy. His education was received in a private school under the conduct of two theological students, and later in the university of Christiana. While at college, and even before, he had done considerable writing, and his plays were so well received that, at the close of his college career, he was engaged as dramatic manager of the principal theater of the country. He continued here until the Danes got into trouble with the Prussians in 1864. Then he became disgusted at his own countrymen for not joining the Danes, and began to write caustic epigrams criticising the spirit of the Norwegian masses. His railings accomplished nothing, but he himself became so disgusted that he left the country and remained in Rome and Dresden about twenty-five years. He wrote many books, and for each there was always a ready sale. His writings have been translated into several languages, and when it becomes known that Ibsen has a new book coming there is a great stir among all classes of people, and the wonder is what the book is to be about. This is a secret that is withheld even from the members of his own family.

In his home life Ibsen is a bundle of peculiarities. He has a wife and son, who is a doctor of philosophy, and is married into one of the most distinguished families in the country. His home is bright and cheerful. His study is a cosy little corner, stored with a collection of well-selected and well-marked books, affording ample conveniences and comforts within, and looking upon a panorama of magnificent scenery without. He is a man of moods. If you can catch him in the humor, you can get from him readily one day what no amount of persuasion could wring from him the next. In the throes of composition he is absolutely inaccessible. He never goes to church, and does not believe in church organizations. He thinks well of Americans, and frequently talks of making an American tour.

HENRIK IBSEN.

A Comparison of Sea and Land.

The triviality of the sea compared with the land is the theme of a recent article by John Holt Schooling. A bucket 743 miles deep and 743 miles from sides to side would hold every drop of the ocean. This bucket could rest quite firmly on the British Isles. To fill the bucket one would need to work 10,000 steam pumps, each sucking up 1,000 tons of sea per second, for 422 years. So if any one wants to be rid of the sea, the way is plain. But to get rid of the earth would be 4,555 times more difficult, requiring 2,000 great guns, each firing 1,000 projectiles a second, each projectile consisting of 100,000 tons of earth. At the end of 1,000 years this mundane sphere would be all shot away.

Dreams.

An English general and his wife, resident in Ireland, were constantly pestered by a woman to whom they had been very charitable. One morning, at the usual hour when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman appeared, and began:

"Agh, my lady, success to Your Ladyship, and success to Your Honor's Honor this morning, of all the days in the year, for, sure, didn't I drame last night that Her Ladyship gave me a pound of tay and Yer Honor gave me a pound of tobacco!"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rules of contrary?"

"Do they so, plase Yer Honor?" rejoined the old woman. "Then it must be Yer Honor that will give me the tay and Her Ladyship that will give me the tobacco."—Chicago News.

EMBRYONIC TORNADO.

Singular Phenomenon Witnessed at and Near New Orleans.

A singular phenomenon recently met the eyes of the good burghers of New Orleans, La. Some excitedly called out that it was a cyclone, others called it a waterspout, and still others dubbed it whirlwind and tornado. Whatever it was, it was, at all events, very active and menacing for a quarter of an hour, and kept a large portion of the community in painful suspense until it disappeared. The whatever-it-was appeared dramatically over Lake Pontchartrain, darting down in a livid, sulphurous haze, and hanging down like a great blue black icicle from a heavy black pall of cloud. Although a great distance from the center of the city, it could be seen that the cloud cylinder was revolving at a terrible clip in space. For a while it hung gracefully pendant, then by force the centrifugal action began to lift at the bottom until it had assumed the shape of an enormous sickle, thrust down angrily from heaven, ready to mow away all before it.

THE WONDERFUL CLOUD.

The next change was one of gradual dissolution, the tail curling up and then flying off at right angles to the eastward in thin black vermiculate streamers like snakes. At one time in the process of dissolution it looked as if it were going to reform, but of a sudden gave over the idea and melted away in space, much as a cloudlet does in the blue of a summer day.

As soon as the cloud had dissolved, or drawn back into the big nimbus from which it was born, heavy showers of rain fell from opposite ends of the mother cloud and soon cleared the atmosphere.

Douglass' Compliment to Lincoln.

Fred Douglass, with all his long experience, never could entirely rid himself of stage fright. "During the first fifteen minutes when I front an audience," he said, "my knees will knock together." But when he got fairly going this not uncommon nervousness, which all speakers have sometimes felt, would pass away. He puts his points well in any argument, and his eloquence was of a high order. His tribute, in one sentence, to Abraham Lincoln, is an unsurpassed compliment. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "is the only white man into whose presence I was ever ushered who did not make me feel that I was a negro."—Harper's Magazine.

Railroad Building in China.

For more than a year work has been going on on fourteen miles of railroad from Shanghai to Woosung and the grading has not yet been finished. Not a tie or a rail has been laid. Only Chinese workmen are employed. About a month or two ago the first sod was turned at Hankow for the Hankow-Peking Railway, but its further prosecution depends upon the success of the Belgian syndicate in floating a proposed loan for its construction.

Sampler 132 Years Old.

A Searsport (Me.) man has an old-time linen sampler, worked with silk, which is inscribed: "Bluebill Bay, July 9, 1766; Phebe Parker.' The sampler is of coarse linen, such as young ladies used to work 200 years ago.

TWO VOICES.

A Southern Volunteer.

Yes, sir, I fought
with Stonewall,
And faced the fight
with Lee;
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun
for me!
I didn't shrink from
Sherman
As he galloped to
the sea;
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun
for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas—
The bully boys in gray;
I heard the thunderers roarin'
Round Stonewall Jackson's way,
And many a time this sword of mine
Has blazed the route for Lee;
But if this old nation goes to war,
Make one more sword for me!

I'm not so full o' fightin',
Nor half so full o' fun,
As I was back in the sixties
When I shouldered my old gun;
It may be that my hair is white—
Sich things, you know, must be—
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin'—
Nor how, in sixty-two
Or thereabouts, with battle shouts
I charged the boys in blue;
And I say I fought with Stonewall,
And blazed the way with Lee;
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

His Northern Brother.

Just make it two, old
fellow;
I want to stand
once more
Beneath the old flag
with you,
As in the days of
yore
Our fathers stood together
And fought on land
and sea
The battles fierce
that made us
A nation of the
free.

I whipped you down at Vicksburg,
You licked me at Bull Run;
On many a field we struggled,
When neither victory won.
You wore the gray of Southland,
I wore the Northern blue;
Like men we did our duty
When screaming bullets flew.

Four years we fought like devils,
But when the war was done
Your hand met mine in friendly clasp,
Our two hearts beat as one.
And now when danger threatens,
No North, no South, we know,
Once more we stand together
To fight the common foe.

My head, like yours, is frosty—
Old age is creeping on;
Life's sun is lower sinking,
My day will soon be gone.
But if our country's honor
Needs once again her son,
I'm ready, too, old fellow—
So get another gun.
—Minneapolis Journal.

IT WILL STAND BY YOU.

Active, strong men, full of vigor and nervous energy, find in vigorous exercise the relaxation which they most need. They find also the best tonic for building up the system in open air exercise, which they freely enjoy, but there may happen at any time an accident to limb or frame whereby the flesh is badly bruised and perchance the face disfigured. This reminds us that there is one thing which in our sports we ought always to have about us, and that is St. Jacobs Oil, the promptest and best cure for bruises that is known to sportsmen, athletes and seekers of out-door pleasures. Have it handy and it will stand by you for a good cure.

"Smith tried to make love to his typewriter, but she would'nt look at him." Maybe that was because he's a walking dictionary.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The twentieth century will begin on Jan. 1st, 1901, and end with 2000. People did not begin to reckon time from A. D. 1, but waited until about the 550th year of the Christian era. People who begin to take the great health restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, immediately after the first outbreak of dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, constipation, nervousness or kidney trouble will date their cure immediately from then.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch St., Philadelphia Pa.

Mail Orders filled the day received.

"Summer Specials,"

Our book that tells *what will be worn this Spring and Summer*—just what you want—profusely illustrated—free on application to

Mail Order Dept.

The Emporium and Golden Rule Bazaar

San Francisco.

California's largest—America's grandest Shopping place.

WILL & FINCK CO'S.

SPRING EYE GRAIN BAG NEEDLE

Plain or with Cutter. The Best Needle in the Market. Used by all Sack Sewers. For Sale by all general Mdse. Stores or by

Will & Finck Co., 920 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

DISEASES OF MEN.

Contagious ailments which have been recently contracted or have become dangerous by bad treatment are quickly cured by Dr. Meyers & Co., 731 Market St. These doctors have made their great reputation by curing difficult cases. They are the oldest and most reliable physicians on the coast.

WEAKNESS OF MEN.

There is no reason why you should go through the world half or less than half a man. If you are suffering from total or partial loss of vital power you need not despair. Go to Dr. Meyers & Co., 731 Market St.; they will cure you quickly and permanently.

NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNTIL CURE IS EFFECTED.

If you cannot call at the office and see these great doctors send for FREE BOOK and SYMPTOM BLANK; also they will give you free advice by mail. CONSULTATION ALWAYS FREE.

Dr. Meyers & CO.
Specialists for Men of the
English and German Expert Specialists,
731 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

"Who was that man who wanted to plunge the country into war?" "That's the proprietor of the Eureka swimming school."

Organ Music and Organ Playing.

Organ music reached its climax with Bach. It may perhaps be said that all music did. At any rate, one thing is certain—viz, if there has been any progress in music since the day of Bach, it has been due to him. Bach's music is polyphonic, and polyphony is true music. To its foundation upon this school is due the fact that there has been no decadence in music in Germany. There has been no advance in polyphony since the days of Bach. Such advance as has been made has been in originality and boldness of modulation.

For pure organ music Bach still is and probably will always remain the greatest of all composers. Even with all the modern mechanical appliances that have been attached to the organ, his works are still very difficult—perhaps the most difficult of organ compositions. He must have been as great an organist as he was a composer. That he should have been able to play upon the organ of his day works so exacting in technique as his own is simply marvelous.

It is one of the phenomena of musical history that, while orchestral, operatic and other branches of music were in their infancy in Bach's day and have developed since then, Bach brought organ music to its climax. He was not the small source whence flowed a rivulet which in time was to expand into a broad stream; he was the broad stream itself. The word "Bach" in German means a brook, which led a famous German composer to say punningly that this great master was not a Bach, but an ocean.—Forum.

Cramp In the Leg.

Many persons of both sexes are greatly troubled with cramp in one or both of their legs. It comes on suddenly and is very severe. Most people jump out of bed (it nearly always comes on either just after going to bed or while undressing) and ask some one to rub the leg.

There is nothing easier than to make the spasm let go its hold, and it can be accomplished without sending for a doctor, who may be tired and in need of a good night's rest. When I have a patient who is subject to cramp, I always advise him to provide himself with a good strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on, take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull—one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will depart, and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night. I have saved myself many a good night's rest simply by posting my patients subject to spasms of the legs how to use the cord as above. I have never known it to fail, and I have tried it after they had worked half the night and the patient was in the most intense agony.—New York Ledger.

Peculiar Trade Customs.

The Armenians, who divide with the Greeks and Jews the entire mercantile traffic of west Asia, are accustomed to sit down and weep bitterly when they have sold any article of value, declaring that the purchaser has ruined them. The Jews, on similar occasions, rend their garments, which are worn purposely for such sacrifice, with still louder protestations of ruin. In Asiasic Russia the shopkeepers consider it incumbent upon them to at first refuse to sell their goods to any customer, and the latter is expected to employ himself at least an hour in persuading the merchant to deal with him.

But the most remarkable custom is that which prevails among the merchants of Tibet, a regular hand to hand fight being required to take place between the seller and the purchaser on the disposal of any considerable quantity of goods, the former obstinately refusing the price to which he had first agreed, and the latter as resolutely forcing it upon him. It is not considered businesslike to settle matters until a few blows have been exchanged, after which they peaceably shake hands and the bargain is concluded.—Exchange.

Sienkiewicz.

Father Barabasz of Baltimore, who visited his countryman, Henry Sienkiewicz, not long ago, says in the Baltimore Sun that the Polish novelist is very simple in his manners and is rather silent when in society, but he is a good listener to a good story. He is of medium size, rather dark and is inclined to baldness, with a hint of gray over the temples. The name is pronounced Chenkay-veetch, with the accent on the second syllable and the ch pronounced as in child. His home is now at Warsaw, though much of his time is spent in traveling and in getting material for his literary work. He has been married twice. The death of his first wife occurred when he was writing "Pan Michael," and its somber tone is traced back to that event.

When It Began.

Judge—Did you see the beginning of this trouble?

Witness—I did, your honor. It occurred five years ago.

Judge—Why, how is that?

Witness—It began when the minister pronounced them man and wife.—Chicago Record.

If your grocer

doesn't sell *Schilling's Best* tea, tell us his name, what kind you want (Japan, English Breakfast, Oolong, Ceylon, or Blend), and what size package you want. We'll see that you get it.

Don't send us any money. We don't sell at retail.

San Francisco *A. Schilling & Company*

VICTIM OF POLITICS.

General Mahone of Virginia Saw Wealth Vanish with Fame.

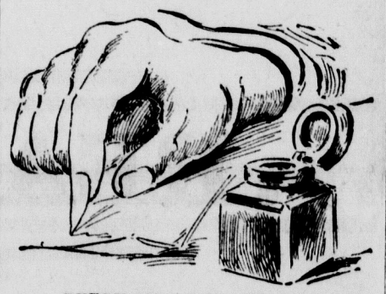
More fortunes are lost than made in politics. Some old friends of the late Senator Mahone have united in obtaining for his son, Butler Mahone, a consulship in Mexico. It is not generally known that young Mahone found it necessary to appeal to some of his father's former associates in public life to get something to do. He first tried railroad employment. He was willing to take a place as brakeman, for he is not troubled with false pride. Like his father, the son is of delicate physique, and it was evident that he was not equal to the work. When the late General Mahone entered political life in Virginia he was probably the richest man in Petersburg. If not a millionaire, he was well on the way to a fortune represented by seven figures. With great energy he had taken hold of the material restoration of the South, and had identified himself with railroad construction, becoming president of one of the principal routes to tidewater. After he left the Democratic party of his State on the debt issue and took the leadership of an element which for some years was dominant in Virginia, his fortune began to shrink.

For a time General Mahone was a wonderfully successful man in politics. But at the close of his service in the Senate his State had become Democratic, and he took up his residence in Washington. His estate melted until it was reduced to one large holding in this city. General Mahone tried to sell this large block to the government for the site of a new public printing-house, and several times almost succeeded. The Senate repeatedly passed a bill to buy the property, but the House rejected it. Mahone died without realizing on this property, and leaving it so heavily incumbered that it went under the hammer. The purchase price was about $150,000, a fraction of what the government would have paid if the Senate bill had passed. When he died General Mahone owed an account of some thousands of dollars at the hotel where he had lived for several years. His son was left to start in life with nothing more than pluck. Had the elder Mahone eschewed politics and devoted his splendid executive talents to railroad building he would have been one of the foremost men of the South.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WRITES WITH HIS FINGER NAIL.

Jersey City Man Who Believes Every One Should Be His Own Pen.

It makes no difference to Walter Lowery, of Jersey City, that steel pens rust and gold pens break, that stubs blot and fine pens scratch. For Mr. Lowery proceeds on the principle that every



EVERY MAN HIS OWN PEN.

man should be his own pen, so to speak. He allows the nail of his right forefinger to grow to a prodigious length. Then he trims it to a fine point and writes away, cheerfully dipping it into the ink well.

The Song of the Sailor.

Knocking to come into us,
Big waves,
Great waves,
Breaking on the bows of her in masses
white as snow;
Gripping on the sides of her,
Sea claws,
Rearing up,
Trying for to drag us to the land a mile
below.

A death that comes to most of us,
A short death,
A sweet death.
Little men on little ships upon the mighty
sea;
Sleeping every night on them,
Strong winds,
Stormy seas,
Nothing but an iron plate between that
death and me.

Spindrift flying over us,
Head wind,
Bitter wind,
Water rushing through the ports and
hissin' cross the well;
Danger every hour of it,
A dog's life,
A man's life,
They bank their fires for us, I guess, most
every night in hell.
—Pick-Me-Up.

A Cemetery's Best Part.

Probably few people know that there is a choice side to every cemetery. Thus, in some parts of the world, the eastern portion, without regard to its situation, is always deemed the most desirable. This preference arises from the old tradition that our Lord will appear from the east. It is also believed that the dead in the eastern portion will be the first to rise; then those in the southern, western and northern, in order. In England it was once the custom of laying felons and other bad characters on the north side of the church. The custom of laying the dead in a certain direction is responsible for the Welsh designation for the east wind: "The wind of the dead men's feet."

What European Soldiers Carry.

The Russian soldier is more heavily burdened than any other. A foot-soldier in the army of the Czar carries over 68 pounds. The weights borne by the foot-soldiers of the other principal European nations are as follows: French, 62 pounds; British, 62 pounds; German, 61 pounds; Swiss, 59 pounds; Italian, 53 pounds; Austrian, 47 pounds.

Lydia Languish.

The languishing maiden attired in book muslin and wearing a drooping leghorn hat which old prints and illustrations present is coming to the fore again. Besides the tailor made girl and the golf player we are to see women wearing the shepherdess hats which enhance a woman's beauty if she knows how to select color and trimming. This shepherdess idea will be carried out in many of the models. Twists and turns which rise from the face, brims being bent down in front, mushroom brims and those that scoop down all around, and give such opportunities for under brim trimming, these are only a few hints of the unending hat plan. Then there are the pompadour hats to be worn with that particular style of hairdressing. These have the "falling off" effect which we have seen in the winter styles. They are all—whether toques, berrettas, roll front, capotes or side roll-round hats, perched far back, exposing the face and front hair. Low crowns are on all these shapes, but the trimming stands up well and give a chic air to these dressy shapes.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Do you like that Saleladies' Home Journal?" "Yes, it's lovely; this last number tells how to make a grand piano out of a cheesebox."

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE.

It's the quality that's high in TEA GARDEN DRIPS, TOBOGGAN MAPLE SYRUP and PELICAN LOUISIANA MOLASSES. For sale by first-class grocers in cans only. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is lithographed on every can.

THE PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO.

AFTER being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength. MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. BOX 747, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

What was formerly a quill pen factory at Paris is now devoted to the manufacture of quill toothpicks and turns out 20,000,000 yearly.

More than 8,000 varieties of postcards have been issued in the world within the past 35 years.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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He Wanted Sailors.

Lieutenant Carlin, the executive officer of the Vandalia during the terrible hurricane in the harbor of Apia, Samoa, was an enthusiastic ball player, and while the crew was at Mare island prior to their Samoan trip he had given the preference in the selection of sailors to those who could play his favorite game. During the hurricane, after the vessel struck the reef and the men were clinging to the rigging, with the surf sweeping over the deck, many of the men were washed overboard. Lieutenant Carlin determined to make a desperate attempt to carry a line from one part of the vessel to the main yard. Into the howling wind he shouted, "I want some volunteers—good sailors!"

And out of the darkness a voice replied, "Lieutenant, there ain't no sailors here, but there's plenty of ball players!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Shady One.

Goodsoul—Why will you carry on as you do? Why aren't you more careful about the preservation of your reputation?

Littlemind—Don't want to preserve it. If I could only get rid of it altogether, I'd be a mighty sight better off than I am.—Boston Transcript.

Appropriate.

"Oh, papa, Miss Higher met with an embarrassing accident last evening!"

"What was that?"

"She was singing 'The Cows Are In the Corn,' and her voice got husky."—

Uncle Sam Says: This is **America's Greatest Spring Medicine.** Take it Now to Sharpen Your Appetite, Vitalize Your Blood, To Overcome That Tired Feeling. Go to your druggist and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it today, and realize at once the great good it is sure to do you.

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There are many curable causes for sterility in women. One of the most common is general debility, accompanied by a peculiar condition of the blood.

Write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will tell you, free of charge, the cause of your trouble and what course to take. Believe me, under right conditions, you have a fair chance to become the joyful mother of children." Mrs. LUCY LYTLE, 255 Henderson St., Jersey City, N. J., certainly thinks so. She says:

"I am more than proud of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot find words to express the good it has done me. I was troubled very badly with the leucorrhœa and severe womb pains. From the time I was married, in 1882, until last year, I was under the doctor's care. We had no children. I have had nearly every doctor in Jersey City, and have been to Belvin Hospital, but all to no avail. I saw Mrs. Pinkham's advertisement in the paper, and have used five bottles of her medicine. It has done more for me than all the doctors I ever had. It has stopped my pains, and has brought me a fine little girl. I have been well ever since my baby was born. I heartily recommend Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to all women suffering from sterility."

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act at once, and their continued use for a few days builds a man or woman up wonderfully. The medicine is a scientific French preparation, perfectly safe to use—cannot possibly injure you, but on the contrary will stimulate your organs to be like a youth of 21. If you are saying to yourself, "I wish I were dead," then there is something wrong with the inner man; you are morbid, melanchly, unhealthy, and it is your duty to yourself and family to brace up and take PARIS VITAL SPARKS.

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Just as soon as you commence to take PARIS VITAL SPARKS just so soon will you commence to feel yourself a man made over. Why not try today, or at least cut this out?

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Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as second class matter. December 19th, 1895.

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SATURDAY APRIL 30.

A state of war exists, but actual war will come only with the first clash of rams between real armed belligerents.

The conversion of swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, has recently received another very serious and discouraging setback.

If Howell's submarine torpedo terror will do one-half that is claimed for it, the days of the big battleship as an effective engine of war will soon be numbered.

The civilized world dreads and yet is eager to see war begin. Eager to see the capacity of the terrible modern weapons and engines of war tested; yet fearful lest all the world become involved in universal and wholesale slaughter.

The farmers and fruit-growers of California are face to face with a dry year. It is now too late to look for rain. Grain and pasture fields in many sections are already burned beyond revival. Irrigated lands are the only ones from which a harvest can be expected. High prices will continue to prevail for hay and feed of all sorts throughout this year. All cattle available for beef will be sent to the market and in another year beef cattle will be scarce in the State.

In this year of drought and partial crop failure, it is fortunate that large sums are being expended in this portion of San Mateo county in the way of permanent improvements, giving employment to labor and putting money into circulation for wages and material. Here in this town the W. P. Fuller Company is putting in a big manufacturing plant involving an immediate expenditure of more than a qurater of a million of dollars. From San Mateo north the Spring Valley Water Company has a great army of men at work running up into the hundreds, putting in flumes, grading for and putting in a new line of water mains and putting up extensive pumping plants. The enterprise of the big water company comes as a real beneficence to labor at this particular time. The policy of this company with regard to improvements is of the most liberal character, and has added hundreds of thousands of dollars to the wealth of this county.

Horses and Harnesss.

In and after a season of great plenty, when the farmer's horses are slick and fat, they will often outgrow their harness, and especially their collars. It is often very difficult to keep the horse's neck from becoming sore (inflamed). See to it that the collar fits the neck well; it should be neither too long nor too short. The collar can often be made to fit the neck better by lengthening or shortening the top strap, but great care must be exercised when this is done or the shoulder of the horse may be permanently ruined. Always keep the hames buckled up tight on the collars; this will keep the draft in the proper place. There is generally an extra piece of leather on each side of the collar; when the short traces come in contact with it, they should be allowed over the center of it. If the draft is below this point, the extra pressure below will make the shoulder point sore; if the draft is above the proper place, it will choke (strangle) the horse, and is also liable to injure the shoulder blade and cause lameness.

A great many horses are ruined by not being properly harnessed. See to it that every part of the harness fits well; do not allow it to hang loose, or there is liable to be trouble for you. The inside lines should be six inches longer than the outside lines; but there are exceptions to this rule, and they will have to be shorter or longer, accroding to the habits of the horse and the work required to do. Always keep the horse checked up enough to keep his head from ground—but under no circumstances is a horse to be checked up tight while at work; it is inhuman and ought not to be tolerated. The horse is a noble and sensitive animal, and one of man's best friends in service, therefore let us treat and feed him well and he will repay us a hundred fold.

The Blackfoot reservation in Montana covers about 10000 square miles and has for years been known to be rich in mineral substances.

CURIOUS STATISTICS.

What a Healthy Man Consumes In Seventy Years of Life.

Taken all in all, a healthy man with a good appetite and moderate thirst consumes in 70 years 96½ tons of solid and liquid foods. If the consumer weighs, say, 150 pounds, he will eat and drink during his lifetime 1,280 times his own weight. Transforming all this foodstuff into mechanical labor, the strength derived would be sufficient to lift 87,600,000 tons one foot from the ground or to raise the Forth bridge at Edinburgh, which weighs 264,600,000 pounds, to a height of 1,235 feet.

Excluding the first 20 years of a lifetime, the quantity of cigarettes consumed by a regular smoker who smokes a dozen every day would in 50 years reach the number of 219,000, or a monster rolled cigarette more than 16 feet in length and about 5 feet thick, beside which the tallest man would resemble a veritable dwarf. A cigar smoker consuming six of his favorite brand a day would during his lifetime smoke a gigantic cigar of more than 16 feet long and almost 2½ feet thick. It would weigh 4,410 pounds and would take the suction power of a steam engine to puff it.

As the smoking habit is not necessary to existence it is easily seen how much money a smoker wastes in the course of years. A pipe smoker consumes in his lifetime a half ton of tobacco.—New York Herald.

Don't Eat Yourself Ugly.

It wouldn't make so much difference as to what a woman ate, says a publication which claims to be authority on culinary topics, if she would only wait long enough between meals to get hungry, but she doesn't, and there's where the trouble begins. Nature is a tenacious old jade. Given the time, she will digest and assimilate almost anything that the stomach can retain.

It is a well known fact that spells of adverse fortune are invariably accompanied by superior physical conditions. Brokers' families never look so well as during a panic. High toned criminals invariably come out of prison in better health and face than they had when they went in. And who has not remarked the refinement of spirit and nature born of sorrow and temperature in bereaved families? It is well worth the expense of a trip to Carlsbad or Aix-les-Bains—not only to take the waters, but to learn how not to take the foods that deform and destroy the body.

Unless a woman washes or works for a living she doesn't need three meals any day of her life. It takes systematic work to consume that much fuel. Engineers are too clever to fill the furnace with coal unless there is a trip to make, an elevator to run or work to do.

It doesn't matter what a man looks like so long as he is decent and healthy, but it is the duty of every gentlewoman to be as good looking as her circumstances will permit. Women often eat themselves ugly, ill and brutal.

Jackets and Capes.

"For the early spring there is a decided change in both jackets and capes," says The Ladies' Home Journal. "Entirely close fitting jackets are seldom worn. They tend either to the Russian blouse effect or to the semifitting styles. The blouse effects should be avoided by all women who have short waists or measure more than 24 inches about the waist. For these figures the jacket with the fitted back and the straight front is advised. Sleeves will continue to be tight, though upon the shoulders there will be some fullness, and they will oftenest be capped by loose drapery which is, for no special reason, called 'jockey.' Capes are more elaborately trimmed than ever before, and their linings are exquisite. Brocaded linings are no longer in vogue, preference being given to plain moires, rich silks and velvets. The coat skirt or basque will this season be cut shorter but not so full and not rippling as it was last season. The cape is regarded as a necessity, although it is not supposed to give any warmth or to be anything more than a beautiful adjunct to a smart costume."

The Suffrage Question.

Frances Abbott says in The North American Review that the apparent obstacle to suffrage that "the majority of women do not want it" is "by no means an insuperable obstacle, since an illogical state of affairs cannot endure forever. That subtle elusive force known as public opinion is subject to sudden changes, and no one can ever tell how small a thing may start it. There are always people of one idea, who lash public opinion until it bestirs itself. The advocates of woman suffrage can afford to be dignified at this stage. So much of what they asked, conjointly with the ballot, has been granted that the latter seems only a question of time. The other things came first because the need of them was more apparent."

Graceful Anna Morgan.

Miss Anna Morgan, the well known teacher of "Delsarte" and physical culture, slipped on an icy pavement and came down heavily, but as Miss Morgan even falls gracefully her accident had nothing of the ludicrous about it. It was a model fall, and many an actress would have been glad to accomplish the descent with such grace. As she arose to her feet one of her pupils, accompanied by a friend, came rushing up and said:

"Oh, Miss Morgan, that was so graceful! Would you mind doing that again? My friend did not see it."

Uses of Luggage.

"Isn't it possible to travel abroad with less luggage?"

"What would you do? You can't get them to paste the labels in a scrapbook."

In England more than 10,000,000 oil lamps are used nightly. They cause 300 deaths annually, and in London alone 165 fires in a year have been traced to them.

GERMAN HOUSEWIVES.

They Have an Organization Which Is Beneficial to Mistresses and Servants.

The first entertainment given by the Deutscher Hausfrauen verein has proved so successful that already plans for another performance for next season are being made. Meanwhile the society is continuing its work of trying to supply families with good, reliable servants. The society's rooms are at 121 East Fif-

MRS. R. KARWIESE.

ty-ninth street and are always crowded with employers and employees. In time the society hopes to have its own home. At present it occupies two floors of a private house. The top floor has been transformed into a home for respectable girls out of employment, supplying them with a good bed and plain, wholesome food. The fondest wish of the officers, however, is to establish a cooking school, and it will probably not be long before this idea will be realized. Mrs. L. Rosenberg is president of the organization, Mrs. R. Karwiese is vice president and Mrs. S. Hirsch and Mrs. William Knoepke are among the directors.—New York Tribune.

The Lion of Keos.

There are lions and lions, but the lion of Ioul is the lion of Hellas, says Professor J. Irving Mannatt in The Atlantic. The lions on guard above the gate of Mycenæ may be older, but they have lost their heads and therewith their main majesty. The lion sentinel over Leonidas' grave at Thermopylæ disappeared ages ago, though we still possess the inscription written for it by Simonides:

Of beasts the bravest I, of mortals he,
Upon this mound of stone now watched by me.

The lion of Chæroneia commemorates a great and definite event, but he has been broken to pieces. Better luck has attened the lion of Keos. Couched here on his flank in the living rock, with reverted head, 28 feet from tip to tail, every feature perfect, full of life and majesty, one can hardly think of him as a mere image made with hands. He looks rather as if in some prehistoric age—the colossus of his kind—he might have lain down here alive and turned to stone, possibly after clearing the island of its first occupants, for there is a myth handed down to us by an old writer that Keos was originally inhabited by the nymphs until they were scared away by a lion and fled to Karystos, leaving to the "jumping off place" the name of Lion point. At all events the monument and the myth make a perfect fit. Our lion is the very beast to strike terror into nymphs or any other unwelcome neighbors.

How Gold Was Found on the Klondike.

"The River Trip to the Klondike" is described in The Century by John Sidney Webb. The author says:

The famous Bonanza creek and the more famous El Dorado creek are very like ordinary, everyday creeks in appearance—a little less civilized perhaps than creeks to be met with in the east. There are men living in Alaska today who have hunted moose over these creeks dozens of times; but, as the old miners say, there were no surface indications to lead any one to suppose that gold might be found in them, so hundreds of miners passed by in their boats, going to Forty Mile and Circle City. The finding of such gold is always an accident, and the old hands are usually the last to realize the truth. "Stick George" Cormack and his squaw's relatives camped on the creek for dinner one day and somehow got to digging and washed out some gold. He went to Forty Mile and made claim for discovery, and soon the news spread like wildfire.

Sponges.

Fine sponges are used by physicians in surgical operations and are sometimes very expensive. Our finest sponges come from the Mediterranean sea and the Red sea. They are obtained by divers, who search for them under rocks and cliffs, and who remove them carefully with a knife, that they may not be injured. The Turks, who carry on the trade, have between 4,000 and 5,000 men employed in collecting sponges. The value of the sponges annually collected is estimated at $90,000. Coarse varieties are found in the Gulf of Mexico and the Bahama islands. They are scraped off the rocks with forked instruments, and consequently they are often torn.

Won Their Fortunes.

A little less than two years ago a rich grain merchant of Odessa died, leaving a fortune of 4,000,000 rubles to his three daughters, under peculiar conditions. They were only to inherit the money on condition that they became servants, washerwomen or farm workers for 18 months. The time has just passed, and the young women have come into their fortune. Two of them were chambermaids and the third a girl of all work in Odessa houses. They did not have much trouble in securing situations. In the course of their servitude the two younger daughters received each more than 500 proposals of marriage, and the eldest 450. They declined all, and now assert that they will continue to live in single blessedness.

MacMonnies' Studio In Paris.

Those who expect to find in the studio of Frederick MacMonnies in Paris a sumptuous apartment, full of rare and costly "objets d'art" and hung with luxurious tapestries and brocades will be greatly astonished upon beholding its almost barnlike severity. It is a workshop pure and simple, and its very bareness is eloquent of the high and serious plane on which the sculptor puts his art. But those who have seen it pronounce it fascinating for all that. There is not even a floor. One finds himself on entering on bare, uneven ground. In one corner is a big cage, and inside is a beautiful wild leopard, continually pacing up and down. MacMonnies is so fond of animals that he keeps this beast in his studio for the pleasure of watching the beauty of its stealthy movements. Scattered all around are numerous old casts of finished work, and also the uncompleted fragments he is now at work on. Among the former are the familiar Sir Harry Vane of the Boston Public library and the beautiful but unfortunate Bacchante, and among the latter are parts for the colossal groups for the gateway of the Brooklyn park, to which he is now devoting all of his time.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Simla's Idea of Fun.

One of the most amusing incidents of the recent Simla season was the impersonation of two foreign noblemen by two gentlemen well known in Simla society, one of them posing as the war correspondent of the Italian paper Roma. Skillful was the disguise, and so admirably were their parts kept up that the two distinguished foreigners spent the evening with a party in the commander in chief's box and afterward had supper on the stage with the actors without their identity being discovered. At supper the count appeared to find the wines of the English more potent than those of his own country, and the speechless horror of the mamma when he commenced to pay marked court to her daughter very nearly caused the baron to die of suppressed laughter and apoplexy. Next day, when the hoax was discovered, there was some fluttering in the dovecots as to what they had said to the foreign noblemen and what the wicked count had said to them. The rest of Simla roared.—Lahore Civic and Military Gazette.

On nearly every block in Japanese cities is a public oven, where, for a small fee, housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

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LOCAL NOTES.

Mrs. M. Foley has been quite ill the past week.

Mr. Jack Hamilton will leave shortly for his home in Australia.

Mr. Gaerdes is pushing work on his new building next the Arcade.

Mrs. Julius Eikerenkotter will spend next week visiting friends at San Jose.

Mrs. Ed S. Pike returned from her visit to friends at Capay on Saturday last.

James Oakes and Constable Dan Neville of Colma were in town Wednesday.

Lee Conner left on Wednesday for his home at Waterloo, near Omaha, Neb.

Stock is coming in at a lively rate at the stock yards of the Western Meat Company.

James H. Hackett has rented flat 6 in Hansbrough Block as a residence for his family.

Mrs. W. J. McCuen entertained a few of her friends at a social party on Wednesday evening.

C. S. Brown, formerly employed at Steiger's pottery, was in town on Saturday of last week.

All sorts of lumber at city prices, plus freight, at the new lumber yard, foot of Grand avenue.

Mrs. George Sneath departed yesterday for a week's visit with relatives and friends at San Jose.

Don't forget the public installation, ball and banquet to be given by Woodmen of the World this evening.

On Monday twenty-six car loads of cattle arrived at this place consigned to the Western Meat Company.

Mrs. McCuen and Mrs. Taylor of Oakland were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCuen this week.

Mrs. Lynd of the Baden Hotel, who has been suffering from an attack of la-grippe for some time, is now improving.

Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church to-morrow (Sunday) at 4 p. m. Sunday-school at 3 p. m.

Mrs. W. J. McCuen gave a ladies' tea on Wedesday afternoon in honor of her guests, Mrs. Frost and Miss Gertie Forney.

J. C. James, special agent for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was in town on business for his company on Wednesday.

In the case of the People vs. Julius Weber the defendant has abandoned his appeal and paid the fine of $25 imposed in this case.

Mr. Pat Ferriter has repainted and renovated his big hostelry at the upper end of San Bruno avenue and his Grand Hotel looks as good as new.

Mrs. Frost and Earl Frost, sister and nephew of Mrs. W. J. McCuen, after a long visit here, returned to their home in Kansas City on the 28th inst.

Mr. Howard Tilton has leased the rock crusher of the Land and Improvement Company, with the view of using the rock extensively upon the public roads of this vicinity.

Miss Maude Beckler, niece of Mr. John Scheick, who has been spending the spring visiting Mr. and Mrs. Schieck, will return to her home at Council Bluffs next week.

The Baden Brick Company is running full force and turning out first-class bricks. It costs no more to build with brick than with wood, and our people will soon come to realize this fact.

If Poundkeeper Peter Bronner continues to enforce the pound law with the same diligence and vigor he has displayed of late in this regard, he will very quickly succeed in converting this site into a stock range.

The members of Grace Church will give an informal social the week after next at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Martin. All interested in the Mission are cordially invited. The date will be announced in our next issue.

The choppers are coming, and the chips will fly in every direction this evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall. Go and see it—we mean the public installation, ball and banquet given by the Woodmen of the World.

Married.—In this town, on Friday, April 22, 1898, Justice of the Peace E. E. Cunningham officiating, Mr. John Guerra to Miss Flora Fillipini. Mr. and Mrs. Guerra have set up housekeeping in a flat in the Hansbrough Block.

The installation ceremonies of the Woodmen of the World are unique and intersting, and Journeymen Butchers' Hall will, doubtless, be crowded this evening to witness the public installation of the officers-elect of Camp Progress No. 429.

Mr. Timothy Murray of San Francisco has leased from A. L. Lown the Arcade Hotel for the term of two years. Mr. Murray has taken possession and opened up the Arcade for boarders and lodgers. He proposes to keep a first-class house in every respect.

The Spring Valley Water Company has a large force of men at work grading for a new water main along Mission road between Millbrae and San Bruno. The new line will have a 44-inch pipe and the pipe layers from the Risdon Iron Works will commence laying pipe in a few days.

Beginning with Monday next there will be a public school vacation of one week, occsaioned by the meeting of the Teachers' Institute, which will be held at Redwood City next week. The teachers in this district, Miss Florence Glennan, principal, and her assistants, Miss Celia Hyndind and Miss Bertha Kuck, will be in attendance at the Institute and the school will, for the time being, be closed.

Last Monday evening a large party of ladies and gentlemen of our city met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Eikerenkotter, and from there proceeded to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Patchell, and gave them a pleasant surprise. Music and cards were the order of the evening, and it was a most enjoyable affair, as was evidenced by the fact that it was long after midnight, when the party broke up.

The spirit of vandalism which is developing among some of the boys of this town, if not effectually checked, will end in providing fresh recruits for the penitentiary. Recently there has been an unusual display of this hoodlumism manifested in destroying young trees and breaking windows. The windows of Mr. Michenfelder's German bakery were broken on three successive days the past week, and upon one day a box of chewing gum stolen. It is time an example was made in this matter.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All drugigsts, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

FLEET HOUNDS FOLLOW HARES.

Mountain Beauty Wins at Union Park.

SENSATIONAL RACE BETWEEN FLYING BUCK AND BLACK PATTI.

Pasha Kennel's Entries Put Out Sullivan's Cracks, Only to Be Defeated in the Final.

Mountain Beauty came to the front yesterday and carried off the all-age stake at Union Coursing Park. In the first round yesterday she put out the clever Sweet Lips when the betting was even. Then Terrona fell. The Pasha kennel was a big favorite in the long-odds book, but Mountain Beauty sent both Metallic and Firm Friend to their kennels. Flying Buck, picked to win the stake was almost defeated by Black Patti, a 20-to-1 shot. He led to the hare and made four points when Black Patti got in and worked the hare so well that she wiped out the Buck's lead. When Black Patti seemed about to win, the hare turned back to Flying Buck, who made a turn and killed, winning by a narrow margin.

This encouraged the short-end followers and they bet freely afterward, but were seldom rewarded. In the first run-down there were some good short-ends, but only one good thing went through afterward. This was when Santa Alicia beat Flying Buck. The best short-end of the day was Little Dottie that put out Decorator.

Bad Shot, a new puppy, made a most favorable impression by his work. He did much to spoil Sullivan's chances of winnning the stake by puting out Mercy May and Grazer. It was one of the best days for sport yet seen at Union Park. The results in the all-age stake were as follows:

Second round—Pasha kennel's Metallic beat E. V. Sullivan's Pretender, R. B. Kay's Sylvia beat A. Johnson's Lissak, Pasha kennel's Firm Friend beat Brown & Luther's Van Nida, Pasha kennel's Santa Alicia beat R. C. Scott's Mystery, Pierce & Sullivan's Little Dottie beat F. Mack's Decorator, E. V. Sullivan's Royal Buck beat M. Nealon's Van Knapp, F. P. Courtney's The Turk beat E. V. Sullivan's Rocklin Belle, E. V. Sullivan's Flying Buck beat F. C. Mack's Black Patti, E. V. Sullivan's Mercy May beat F. Brown's Alma, B. & S. kennel's Bad Shot beat E. V. Sullivan's Grazer, Al Austin's Douglas beat E. V. Sullivan's Miramonte, A. Johnson's Mountain Beauty beat J. J. Warren's Sweet Lips, W. C. Glasson's Joy Bells beat J. Seggerson's White Chief, W. C. Glasson's Terrona beat P. B. Butler's Obadiah.

Third round—Metallic beat Sylvia, Firm Friend beat Little Dottie, Santa Alicia beat Royal Buck, Flying Buck beat The Turk, Bad Shot beat Mercy May, Joy Bells beat Douglas, Mountain Beauty beat Terrona.

Fourth round—Metallic beat Flying Buck, Firm Friend beat Bad Shot, Mountain Beauty beat Santa Alicia, Joy Bells lost to Van Nida in a bye.

Fifth round—Mountain Beauty beat Metallic, Firm Friend beat Joy Bells.

Final—Mountain Beauty beat Firm Friend.

The youngsters in the sapling staks did some good work. The results of the rounds were as follows:

Second round—Pasha kennel's Rest Assured beat F. A. McComb's Motto, F. A. McComb's Royal Flush beat W. C. Glasson's Pertonius, John Kerrigan's Lalla Rookh beat F. A. McComb's Flush.

Third round—Lalla Rookh beat Rest Assured, Royal Flush lost to St. Patrick in a bye.

Final—Lalla Rookh beat Royal Flush.—S. F. Chronicle.

EVERYBODY SAYS SO.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

A SEA CAPTAIN'S PAY.

THE MASTER OF A BIG OCEAN STEAMER IS NOT A PLUTOCRAT.

Everything Considered He Is Poorly Paid. False Stories Printed—Low Wages Given Other Officers For Onerous Duties—Purser and Surgeon.

It is the general impression among those who do not know that the duties and responsibilities of the average skipper of a regular liner are as many and onerous as the successful bank president and that in addition his salary is just as large. The responsibility of the one is about as great as the other, but when it comes to duties the sea dog has as a rule much more to bear, while, unlike the bank president, his salary is as small as his duties are large. It may surprise some of the regular transatlantic travelers to learn that their beau ideal of a sea captain who in faultless gold lace goes about the deck laughing and chatting with the tourists, patting the half fare tots on the back and doffing his cap to the rug clad occupants of an easy steamer chair between the time that he spends in his berth, in the chartroom or on the bridge, gets little more money a month than the detective sergeant or the average steamboat captain. In many instances Mr. Gold Lace gets less.

One of the most successful lines running between this port and Europe pays its commodore, who has been over 20 years in this particular service, £35 a month, or about $175. This is about $40 a week. The other captains in this line are paid the equivalent of $125 for 30 days' labor. Any number of matter of no fact stories have been printed with the object of showing that the commanders of the great liners received in some cases sums ranging from $7,000 to $12,000 per year. But such talk is idle. There is not a single captain on the ocean who enjoys such an income. That many of them deserve to is another matter entirely.

In an argument that master mariners are well paid the point is advanced that the officers are fed while at sea and even alongside the wharf with the best that the market affords and at the expense of the steamship company. Yet 80 per cent of these well fed gold laces are married and have big families that demand food, clothes and a home either here or abroad, whether or not the ship is in port. This establishment costs as much while the master mariner is on the bosom of old Neptune as it does when he is playing dry cob at home for a short period. His going or coming adds or deducts little from the general cost.

There are few pursers on the Atlantic who command a higher monthly salary than £10. They must have years of experience, a host of friends and be "top sawyers," as they say at sea, to command even this figure. Unlike the stewards, and, in the majority of cases, the ships' surgeons, the purser is seldom made the recipient of a generous tip. Nobody seems able to explain why it is so, unless it be that the purser, handling all the money of the voyage, which includes extra passage money, the receipts from the smoker made through the chief steward, the wine bills from the tables, all amounting to a pretty large figure, is recognized as the financial end of the floating hotel and so treated accordingly.

The smoker and its many attachments are luxuries which the captain is not permitted to enjoy, or if permitted rarely indulges in. Any skipper who would make himself a jolly good fellow in the smoker would lose the confidence of those under his care as fast as a trout taking a May fly. Not that his appearance there would make him any less the sailor, but passengers for some reason or another seem to believe that the only place for the master of their ship is on the bridge or in the chartroom. And if they can picture him on this bridge in oilskins and so'wester with the wind and sleet and ice blustering around him so much the better to the perfection of their idea of the practical and capable mariner.

The poorest paid man in an official capacity on a great liner is probably the surgeon. Some passengers have the opinion that as the company pays the ship's doctor those using him on a trip are not supposed to give financial recognition to his attenton. It is true that none is obliged to, but he should. The demand of a doctor at sea is in nowise different from that demand on land. The steamship companies give a passenger board, lodging and transportation at a cost that could not be equaled on any railroad of the earth, when distance, accommodation and attention are considered. The luxury of a doctor, while generally forced, is at the same time an auxiliary of sea travel for which the company receives nothing, and which, when free medicines are included, as they invariably are, costs quite a good deal. Experienced ocean travelers seldom forget the surgeon when necessity makes them call for his attention during a trip. But these experienced tourists are few and far between.—New York Mail and Express.

Lafayette In Maine.

"It was during the administration of Governor Albion K. Parris," says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, "that General Lafayette made his memorable tour of the United States and paid his visit to Maine. It was on a Sunday that the general concluded that visit and proposed leaving the state from Portland. Governor Parris remonstrated with him for taking his departure on that day and said, 'If you will postpone your trip until Monday, I will myself escort you to the state line with all the military honors.' But Lafayette, accustomed to the continental Sabbath, insisted on not altering his plans and left Maine on Sunday, while the Sabbath honoring governor of a God fearing state attended his church service as was his habit."

Horace Greeley's Eccentric Ideas.

Even his eccentric ideas were made plausible by his treatment. I heard him say once that what was then thought to be the Great American desert ought to be planted with Canada thistles so as to give nature some sort of a green start, when other vegetation might be made to follow. But the trouble is Canada thistles, like any other thing inspired by "pure cussedness," will only grow and thrive where they ought not to. Find a place where their presence would do some good, and, as in the Humpty Dumpty case, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not fasten them there. This perverseness suggests in a certain way the small boys' conception of good and bad—his enchiridion of nature and life.

"What's fun," he said, "is always wicked; what we don't want to do is pious."

Mr. Greeley would cut down his alders in the spring. When I mildly suggested to him that our agricultural authorities preferred the autumn for that work, when nature could not so well aid their struggle for existence, he thought this reason was a mere excuse for not cutting them at all.—Joel Benton in Harper's Magazine.

Too Joyful.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says that a woman with her colored maid was recently traveling on a train. When the train started, the girl appeared to be in a fever of excitement. The conductor, the plush seats of the car, the sights from the window—everything was of absorbing interest. To the surprise of her mistress, Sallie, when food was offered her, refused to eat. An hour or two went by, and a sandwich was again offered to her, but she still refused. "What is the matter, Sallie?" asked her mistress. "Are you sick?" The girl rolled up her eyes ecstatically. "Oh, no, missus," she answered, "I ain't sick; but I can't eat when I'm trabbeling! It's too joyful like!"

Where the Danger Lay.

Second (to duelist, who, on confronting his adversary, has suddenly grown pale and is only just prevented from falling)—Take courage, man. I know your opponent is going to fire in the air.

Duelist—That's just what makes me afraid. He's such a notoriously bad shot.—London Tit-Bits.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

His Pointer.

An eminent judge, being asked how he could turn with such facility from one case to another, replied:

"I learned that from what I saw at a colored baptism when I was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse it was necessary to cut away the ice. When one of the female candidates was dipped back in the water, the cold made her squirm so that she slipped from the minister's hands and went down the stream under the ice. Looking up with perfect calmness at the throng on the bank, the minister said: "'Brethren, this sister hath departed. Hand me down another.'"—Brooklyn Citizen.

A SURE THING FOR YOU.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c. 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

Suede Corsets.

The newest corset is made of suede. For a good many centuries women have been strapping their bodies up in a combination of steel, whalebone and heavy cotton goods or silk, but it remained for the woman of today to demand a leather corset. It does not stretch or get out of shape easily, even when worn by a very stout woman. But it is an intensely hot garment and gives the figure a stiff, set look. No thin woman would dream of wearing one of the suede corsets, though they come in beautiful soft shades of tan, blue, red and green and are handsomely embellished with lace, ribbon and embroidery.

TO CURE CONSTIPATION FOREVER.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Luigi Raffeto, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Angelo Raffetto, administrator of the estate of Luigi Raffeto, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of "The Enterprise," in the town of Baden, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of business of the said estate in the said County of San Mateo, State of California, or at the option of claimants or creditors, such claims may be presented to said administrator at the office of A. Ruef, Esq., attorney at law, No. 402 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Angelo Raffetto, Administrator of the estate of Luigi Raffetto, deceased.

Dated at Redwood City, San Mateo County, April 8th, 1898.

A. RUEF, Esq.,
Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

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COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

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ROADWAYS, CISTERNS, SIDEWALKS, SEWERS, FOUNDATIONS, MANTELS, CHIMNEYS

At Kiln prices. Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money.

Plans and Estimates of Brick Blocks and Dwellings Furnished on Application at Prices to Suit.

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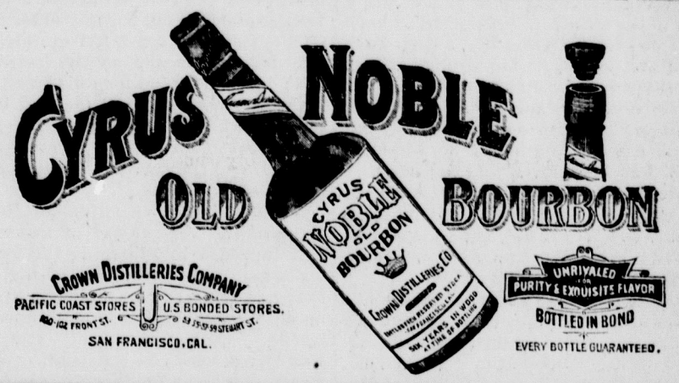


REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

EDUCATE YOUR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, drugg sts refund money.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is easy, some cases lower.

SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand but at lower prices.

HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are selling at steady prices.

PROVISIONS are in good demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ℔ ℔ (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7½@8c.; No. 2 Steers, 7@7½c. No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6@6¼c No. 2 Cows and Heifers 5½@6c. thin cows, 3@4c

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over, 3¾@4c; under 130 lbs. not wanted rough heavy hogs, 3½c.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 4¼@4½c; Ewes, 4@4¼c, shorn ¼ to ⅜c less.

Lambs—$1.75 to $2.25 per head, or 4½ live weight.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3½c@4; over 250 lbs 3@3½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 6½c; second quality, 6@6¼c; First quality cows and heifers, 5¾@6c; second quality, 5@5½c; third quality, 4@4½c.

Veal—Large, 5@6c; small, 5@6c.

Mutton—Wethers, 7½@8c; ewes, 7@7½c; lambs, 9@10c.

Dressed Hogs—6@6½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 9¼@10c; picnic hams, 6½c; Atlanta ham, 6½c; New York shoulder, 6½c.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; light S. C. bacon, 11¾c; med. bacon, clear, 8½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9c; clear light, bacon, 10c; clear ex. light bacon, 10½c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, $12 50; do, hf-bbl, $6 50; Extra Mess, bbl, $9 50; do hf-bbl $5 00.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 8c, do, light, 8¼c; do, Bellies, 9c; Extra Clear, bbls, $16 50; hf-bbls, $8 50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, $4 25; do, kits, $1 20.

Lard—Prices are ℔ ℔:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	4¾	5	5	5⅛	5½	5⅝
Cal. pure	6¾	7	7	7⅛	7½	7⅝

In 3-℔ tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-℔ tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s $2 10; 1s $1 20; Roast Beef, 2s $2 10; 1s, $1 20.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations
The Best in the City.

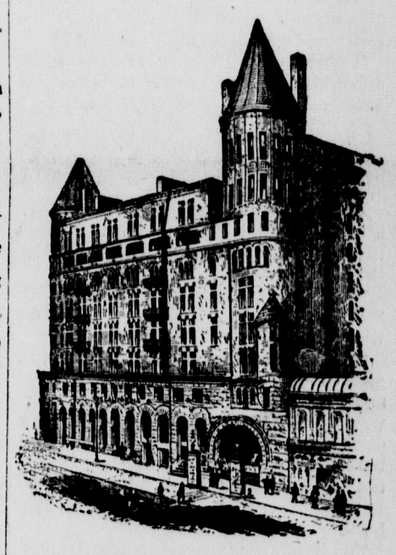
Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER : Proprietor.

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

Strictly First-Class
European Plan
Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'HOTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. $1.00
Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. ..... 75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

Beer AND Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,
United States, Chicago,
Willows and
South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the aching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while 'mid clouds of doubt
Faith's fairest stars come peeping through;
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our crops of care,
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We feel the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we feel the tone
Of love, with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden smile,
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew,
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen,
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold,
Once in a while.

A QUEEN IN RAGS.

I.

"HOUP-LA!"

Crack went the circus master's whip as the girl's flying figure went through the last tinsel-covered circle, higher even than the preceding ones, and alighted safely in the saddle amid rounds of rough applause.

One solitary figure occupied the "dress" seats—a tall, dark man, with bronzed face and keen eyes, and to this one upper-class patron was the cream of the entertainment directed.

As the girl rode round before her exit she made the usual feint of blowing a kiss to the stranger, but the circus master's jealous eye noted that a deep flush dyed her forehead. He also noted that the same solitary figure was there for the third night in succession—was there alone—and that as soon as "Queen Camilla" left the ring he got up, collected stick, hat and gloves and departed.

"He's a fish out o' water," muttered the man to himself. "What's he doin' here, I wonder? If he's got an eye upon Camilla he'll soon find as how others 'as got an eye upon him."

And that night, after a frugal but somewhat noisy supper the ringmaster sought out a fat, elderly woman, always strongly redolent of gin, but who, in spite of that and other little delinquencies, was called by courtesy the wardrobe mistress. The manager—for in Leo Salterne's circus the manager, owner, director and ringmaster were rolled in one—came upon this lady as she was folding away Camilla's glittering robes.

"Look here!" he began roughly. "Have you heard anythin' about the gent that's been hangin' around?"

"Course I have!" muttered the woman sulkily. "Who 'asn't? He's the new squire, just come home from Australy."

"An' what's he doin' here?"

"Come to see Salterne's circus, I suppose," she replied—"leastways, he pays 'is money like the rest."

There was silence, save for the tinkling of baubles as she folded the costumes. Then the man seized her by the arm.

"You ain't been splittin'?" he hissed. "If you have, Meg Hudson, it'll be the worse for you!"

"D'ye think I want to get rid of the girl? D'ye think I don't know that the show would soon go to the dogs if it warn't for Queen Cam? D'ye think I don't know that she keeps things goin' both before and behind scenes? Why, there isn't one o' the whole company but what loves her, and"—with a scowling glance—"hates you."

"Well, it's a dangerous neighborhood, anyway," said the man, shifting uneasily beneath the glance, "an' it's time we was movin' on."

"Ay! As long as the Hall stood empty, and no one knew where to look for a heir——"

"Hold your tongue for a croaking old fool!" cried the manager angrily, glancing round at the thin wooden partition. "Who knows who might hear ye, ye old bird o' the night! Anyway, we'll be movin' on. We can't afford to throw away money, but there's worse might happen if we stayed." And, slamming the door, he went.

At least old Meg thought he had gone, and she muttered to herself:

"No, an' ye can't afford to be found out neither, my fine master."

The whiff of a cheap cigar and a muttered oath told her that she had been overheard, though she didn't catch the manager's concluding remark.

"I'll find some means of stopping your tongue, madam; you know too much, and seem like growin' dangerous."

When Ronald King laid his half-crown on the grimy sill of the little pay office next night he was informed that "the reserved seats was all took by a party." But instead of the turning away in disgust, as the manager hoped, he merely exchanged the coin for a sixpence, and passed in among the crowd.

Queen Camilla was to do her high flight to-night, and it was Queen Camilla he went to see. He hadn't waited to analyze the attraction; he simply went because he was attracted. To be sure, entertainment was scarce in the village where he had suddenly been cast; and though he was the owner of a lovely estate and £5,000 a year, there wasn't a more friendless creature than he in existence.

He had been ranching for fourteen years in Australia, and had been recalled in most unexpected fashion to step into his dead uncle's shoes. The family history was to him a sealed book. His uncle had had children who had died, and that was all he knew.

Queen Cam was later than usual that night, and many watches had been impatiently consulted before she came. The "dress" seats remained empty, and the ringmaster had a frown on his brow. His ruse had failed, and he was 2 shillings poorer for having tried it. One swift glance Camilla gave toward the seat Ronald had occupied, then her eye traveled along the line as if drawn by his steady gaze, and she gave a quick start of recognition.

The master cracked his whip sharply, and the horse began its accustomed amble; but even as it started on its treadmill pace, the ringmaster's eye caught the flutter of a loose strap, and he stooped to readjust it. Quick as thought, the girl raised her head and looked straight at Ronald King. She was pale that night, there were dark rings round her brilliant eyes, and as she met his glance gravely and steadily for one moment she slowly shook her head. It seemed to him there was supplication in her glance. What did she mean?

Then the buckle was secured, the whip cracked again, and the round began.

II.

Houp-la! She seemed to skim through the air more lightly than ever, that night, though her face was rigid, and it was with difficulty that she summoned a smile to her lips. She trotted round amid even louder applause than usual; but her little artificial salute—that sham stage kiss—was lacking that night. Perhaps Queen Cam had forgotten.

At the entrance she was met by Meg Hudson.

"Come away, my lammie!" said the old woman, folding the girl in her arms as she slipped from her saddle. "I've got a nice bowl o' milk for your supper, then ye can go straight to your bed. You shall have no more harsh words to-night—no, nor any other night—from that old tartar, if I can help it."

A flaming placard on the boardings next day announced a specially attractive program for the last night at Braxton. But before night came the circus tent was struck, the caravans were packed, and the traveling company had fled in sudden panic.

Old Meg had been ailing for two or three days. No amount of warm gin had succeeded in banishing the shivering which took possession of her, and that morning she was seriously ill, and no doctor was needed to pronounce the terrible word "smallpox." Old Meg was left deserted in the small caravan where she lay. The wardrobes, fortunately, were not in the same caravan, and Leo Salterne's circus company took a rapid flight to the nearest town.

Queen Cam had begged hard to stay behind, but the manager wouldn't hear of it; so, weeping and reluctant, she took her place. She would be required for the parade, and besides, if she got smallpox and lost her beauty her career would be ended. An old woman more or less didn't matter, and secretly the manager rejoiced that a sure and certain means was at hand of silencing Meg's tongue forever. She was the only one who knew the dreaded secret.

It was eighteen years now since Jack Forrest, the handsome young riding master, had run away with the only daughter of the squire of Braxton. The squire had never noticed his daughter since, and when Jack broke his neck over a gigantic hurdle in view of a crowd the shock killed his young wife, who left behind her in old Meg's charge a few valuable jewels, her marriage lines and a tiny babe girl. Old Meg had stuck to those treasures fiercely through thick and thin, but the secret would die with her. Camilla's identity would remain unknown and the manager would take possession of the girl soul and body.

There was a hue and cry in the camp next morning, for the queen was missing. Her rough bed had not been slept in, but all her tawdry robes and finery were there. She must have gone away in the veriest rags. Of course they knew where she had gone, for Cam knew no such thing as fear, and the manager swore loudly that some one must go at once and fetch her. But there was the smallpox—that was a greater terror than the manager's wrath.

III.

Ronald King went home, haunted by the supplication of those beautiful eyes. He hurried over an important engagement next day to go to the last performance, but reached the place only to find that the Arabs had folded their tents and silently stolen away. One solitary caravan alone marked the spot, and, lighting a cigarette, he strolled up to where it stood.

The sound of moaning came from within, and, after knocking vainly, he opened the door. A miserable sight met his eyes. An old woman—ill, dying, lying on a rough straw pallet—turned a haggard face to the intruder.

Ronald had seen sickness before. Out in the bush any one helped a dying comrade, and soon he had moistened the parched lips, arranged a pillow under the aching head, lighted the swinging lamp, and sat down in the miserable hovel; while with eager hands the woman gave a packet into his keeping, and told him a story which seemed to the young man only the ravings of delirium. It was vain to seek a doctor then; the nearest one was miles away, in the morning he should come.

Presently the moaning ceased, and the old woman slept. Then Ronald slipped quietly out, with a strange thankfulness at heart that it was not the beautiful Queen Camilla who had fallen a victim to this terrible scourge.

With morning light he was back again, but paused on the rickety steps of the caravan at the sight that met his eyes; and in that moment his heart went out from his keeping.

Seated on the floor in Cinderella garb of brown rags the woman's head in her lap, was the girl he loved. What matter that she was a circus rider—a girl of the people—that she was shorn of her pomp and glitter? Though she were the very scum of the earth, he loved her. She was his queen—a queen in rags!

One glance told him old Meg was dead, and gently he relieved the girl of her burden.

"You must come with me," he said, looking into her beautiful eyes. "You can do no more for her. She is dead."

"She was the only friend I had. Oh, what shall I do without her?" sobbed Cam. "I have no home. It is all a strange, dark mystery; I do not even know my own name!"

Then it flashed across Ronald that those papers—that rambling talk—had not been delirium after all!

* * * * * * * *

"So you are really my cousin? It is you who must reign here, and not I."

"And what shall you do?"

"I?" He met her gaze steadily. Never now must this girl know that he worshiped her. "I shall go back to Australia," he said huskily.

"There is room enough for us both here, Ron. But, if you must go"—shyly—"you will take me with you?"

Then she was in his arms.—Answers.

MENTALLY AN INFANT.

The Strange Case of a Strongly Built Man at Cleveland.

In a bed in the Cleveland General Hospital is a strong man reduced to the mental condition of an infant 6 months old. He is William Murray of Erie, Pa., who says he was "hurt on the head" and is unable to give any other account of himself.

Murray's body trembles constantly, and when he attempts to speak his chin quivers as if he were about to cry. He frequently leaps out of bed and sits playing on the floor, exactly like a child when it is not yet strong enough to walk. He has a fancy for toys and plays with them for hours at a time.

When a watch was handed to Murray, he laughed and crowed in an ecstasy of baby joy and shook the watch like a rattle box. The next minute he placed the watch in his mouth. A rattle box is one of his prime favorites. One of the pastimes in which Murray indulges oftenest is to sit on the floor and play with his toes. He eats and drinks like a baby and tries to put everything he gets hold of in his mouth. Every phase of infant life is depicted in his acts.

Murray is a fine looking man and evidently has been a person of refinement. He is strongly built, weighs about 200 pounds and has dark hair and a dark brown mustache. He evidently has been a shorthand writer. The attendants at various times have given him pencil and paper with which to amuse himself, and he invariably makes shorthand characters instead of the meaningless marks of a child.

Some of the physicians who have seen Murray have a theory that he was confined in a hospital as the result of an injury to his head, and that he escaped while slightly convalescent. The motion of the train, they think, agitated the brain and brought on Murray's strange condition. His return to infancy is an unprecedented mental phenomenon.—St. Louis Republic.

Natural History

A cat in a Chicago dog hospital has brought up a family of five puppies.

Ostriches are fond of waltzing, according to a writer in the Popular Science Monthly.

The male ostrich at time utters a cry which sounds like an effort to speak with the mouth shut tight.

Red irritates oxen because it is the complementary color to green, and the eyes of the cattle being fixed so much on herbage, anything red impresses their sight with increased intensity.

If you were cruel enough to cut off a wasp's head and put it on the point of a needle in front of sugar and water, you would find that it would begin greedily eating it, quite unconscious of the fact that the food was dropping out of its gullet as soon as swallowed.

Some time ago the experiment was made of letting loose at Compiegne a swallow belonging to Antwerp, in company with a number of pigeons. The swallow immediately made a beeline for home, and arrived there in one hour, while the pigeons required three hours.

After a long and peculiar illness, a horse belonging to Frank Heinen of Reading, Pa., died the other day, and a post mortem examination revealed that the animal's stomach was partly filled with broken glass, some pieces of which had pierced the tissue. The glass was of several kinds, going to prove that the horse had a fondness for that diet.

Tapestry Made by Mexican Moths.

At a recent meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences specimens were exhibited of a kind of tapestry said to have ben woven by the larvae of moths on the ceiling of a corn loft in Mexico. The silken sheet seems to have covered the entire ceiling. It was composed of fine threads crossing and recrossing in every direction, was nearly white in color, and resembled a piece of soft-tanned sheepskin. The insects that made it destroy corn stored in warehouses.

Girls should not run around and tell about it when they are cutting their wisdom teeth; it gives away their age.

People will pay more for a quarrel than for anything else.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Their Nicknames.

Some children that I know, possess
Of nicknames half a score;
One is "Theo"—"Teddy"—"Ted,"
Though christened ——.

The next scarcely is called aright
By any haps or chances;—
'Tis "Fanny"—"Frankie"—"Frank" and "Fan,"
Though her real name is ——.

Then "Larry"—"Laurie"—"Lanty" comes
(Though he always writes it ——);
And his sister twin, whom most address
As "Flo" or "Floy" for ——.

The last is "Lizzie"—"Betty"—"Bess"—"Bettina" and "Elspeth"—
'Betsy"—"List"—"Beth"—"Bet"—"Lib,"
And she's ——.
—St. Nicholas.

The Foolish Chimney Sweep.

Not being able "to see himself as others saw him" the sweep broke the mirror that reflected his own blackness into a hundred bits and walked down the street more content. But a man accosted him with the remark that his face was black as soot.

"Oh, what a dunce I am," cried the sweep, greatly irritated, and, going to work at once with plenty of soap and water, both his temper and his looks were greatly improved.

Deceitfulness.

Two little girls, Mary Grey and Kittie Kendall, were seated in the schoolroom together. Mary was reading a story-book under cover of the desk—when Kittie suddenly said: "Here comes the teacher." The story-book was at once pushed out of sight and both girls were busily engaged in the study of their history lesson, when the teacher got to their desk, and with a smile said: "I am pleased to see two such studious girls.

After she had left the room Kittie remarked: "Wasn't it a good thing I saw her in time?"

"No; I think I would rather she had seen me, and told me how wrong it was. I don't think I should feel so mean," replied Mary.

Eddie Is One of the Bravest.

There may be laws concerning the age of policemen and stupid regulations concerning their weight and their height, but of these Greater New York's youngest policeman knows nothing and cares as little.

He is "Little Eddie" Williams. His admiration for the big men in blue is a kind of exalted ambition. His longing to be a policeman was an intense as the average small boy's desire to be a bugler or a drummer. He resented the

YOUNGEST POLICEMAN IN GOTHAM.

fact that he was not allowed to be one, until finally his parents gave him a policeman's uniform, complete in every detail.

Now 8-year-old Eddie is the proudest boy on his street. Every afternoon he dons his uniform and patrols his beat. He keeps remarkably good order, too. Big boys and girls submit to being arrested by him with the best grace in the world, although he is rather severe. For instance, the prisoner whom he is about to lug off in the accompanying photograph has been guilty of no more heinous offense than shouting, "Ah, there! Get on to the dude cop."—New York Evening Journal.

What It Was Made Out Of.

A kindergarten teacher was recently reviewing her little class on the instruction given the day before. The following are a part of the questions and answers:

Teacher—Now, children, I told you yesterday about the various materials from which your dresses are made—silk, wool and cotton. Let me see how well you remember. Margie, where did the material come from of which your dress is made?

Margie—It once grew upon the back of a sheep.

Teacher—Very good; and yours, Lillian?

Lillian—My dress once grew upon the back of a sheep and a part of it was spun by the silkworm.

Teacher—Correct! And yours, Lucy?

Lucy (with evident embarrassment)—My dress was made out of an old one of mamma's.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Mamie was trying to write with a dull lead pencil that her mother had given her, but meeting with poor success, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, the wood has slipped down over the lead, and the marks won't come out!"

"Willie," asked the teacher, "how many days are there in a year?" "Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth," promptly answered Willie. "How can there be a fourth of a day?" asked the teacher. "Why," replied Willie, "that's the Fourth of July."

"Come here, Lulu," said the young man to his prospective sister-in-law, aged 3, "come and sit on my knee, and I'll give you something nice." "All wite," answered the little miss, and then continued: "Say, did 'ou dive sister zat di'mond wing for sittin' on 'ou knee wike zis?"

Eddie's father was a jeweler and sometimes the little fellow got business mixed up with Indian stories and Sunday-school lessons. One Sunday morning he surprised his mother by asking: "Say, mamma, what tribe was it that made gold-plated calves—the Israelites or the Choctaws?"

Harry, aged 5, had been to Sunday school and upon his return home he tried to tell his mamma about the lesson. "And you know, mamma," said he, "Lot's wife was awful meddlesome, and when God told her to mind her own business, she got fresh and didn't mind, so God put her in a sack of salt."

"Mamma," said little Freddie, "when I was at grandma's she gave me two pieces of pie." "Well," replied his mother, "one is enough for you; you'll see the wisdom of it when you are older." "Isn't grandma older than you, mamma?" he asked. "Why, yes, of course she is," was the reply. "Well, then," he continued, "I guess she's got lots more wisdom than you have."

A YOUNG MAN MILLINER.

One Male Student in a Brooklyn Class in Hat Designing.

While it is true that men have been making women's fine gowns and bonnets for some years, yet an instance of a genuine American man milliner has been thus far almost unknown. Native-born young men have been free to let their foreign brothers have a monopoly in the business, but now the country is to have at least one male artist in feminine headgear.

Any one who does not believe it has only to ask the mother of a Brooklyn young man, who has had three new bonnets this winter and all her son's handiwork. They are pretty bonnets, too. She would not wear them if they were not. The headquarters of the young artist in hats is just at present Pratt Institute. Any one who visits the evening millinery class will be interested to see, first of all, a number of girls, each of whom is bringing into shape a skeleton of a hat, which gradually takes to itself a covering of some kind of stuff, which the expert knows to be canton flannel. That is the material which the millinery experimenter uses in lieu of velvet. But by this time the visitor has discovered that there is a young man in the room. He is making a hat with all the engrossing interest that is to be seen in the young women. And America may have a first-class man milliner.

They have never had men students in this line of work before at Pratt's, though they have had applications. The present pupil is taking evening lessons, and comes twice a week and has now taken thirty or more, beginning at the A, B, C of millinery work.

The girls did think it was rather funny at first to have a young man of 18 taking millinery lessons with them, but as he did not mind they came to think it was quite nice, after all.

"Yes," the young man says, "I am learning the business. I am going into the wholesale business, but you have to understand every part of it and know how all the work is done to be successful.

"Oh, yes, I like it. I take a fashion magazine regularly. I have made three bonnets for my mother already."—Philadelphia Times.

STORY OF A FAMOUS FIDDLE.

A Stradivarius Which Has Been Very Little Used.

In connection with the death the other day of Mr. Laurie, the Glasgow violin expert, reference was made to his having had through his hands the famous Stradivarius violin, which has come to be known, somewhat irreverently, if not absurdly, as "The Messiah." The instrument is now in the possession of Mr. B. Crawford of Newpark, Trinity, Edinburgh, who a few years ago paid no less than £2,000 for it. As recently as 1872, Charles Reade (who knew as much about fiddles as about the trade of letters) had valued the instrument at £600, putting the worth of the varnish alone at £565! Villaume, the high priest of fiddlemaking in Paris, had it at this time. He kept it till his death in 1875. From Villaume the treasure descended to M. Alard, the great French violinist, who gave £1,000 for it. He died in 1888, and two years later Mr. Crawford risked his £2,000 for it.

There is some reason for the high figure. The instrument is the only one that has come down from Stradivarius' own hands in a state of perfect preservation. It has been very little played upon, and its glowing, ruddy varnish is as fresh as if it had been put on only a week ago. Mr. Crawford has a second "Strad," and also a very fine Guarnerius. It is but a question of a few years, and the instrument—if it is ever sold—will fetch a considerably higher price.—Scots Pictorial.

Kangaroo Sizes.

The average size of the kangaroo is from three to four feet in height. Specimens from six to seven feet are frequently met with on the Australian plains. A kangaroo has been known to make a leap of 90 feet.

LOCKED IN A SULPHUR ROOM.

Imprisoned for Four Hours a Man Dies of His Injuries.

Edgar Allen Poe's description of the sufferings of a person under the effects of slow suffocation has been verified to some extent by an incident which has just been inquired into at the Leeds City coroner's court. A blanket stover, named Pickard, employed by a local firm of manufacturers, had himself locked into a sulphur room, and lighted the stoves in the belief that he could leave by another door, which was usually open.

No sooner had he done so than he remembered that this door had been locked on the outside earlier in the day by his own order. The man who had shut him in was deaf, and had gone away disregarding his knocks and cries; and he was thereupon overcome by panic. He could easily have extinguished the sulphur stoves, and might have remained in the room without danger till relieved, but such was the state of his mind that instead of doing so he still spent his time in endeavoring to attract attention.

The sulphur fumes soon filled the place, but even then it did not occur to him that he could put out the stoves by means of one of the blankets in the room. He next tried to reach an aperture above the door by means of a rope and a plank, but it was only a small one, about four inches or six inches in width, and was covered on the outside by a strip of wood.

Then he became quite exhausted, and fell against one of the doors, which had resisted his utmost strength. There was air enough coming in beneath the sill to keep him alive and conscious; and in that plight, expecting death and clinging to life, he lay for four hours. In the end his whereabouts was discovered by his son and a watchman.

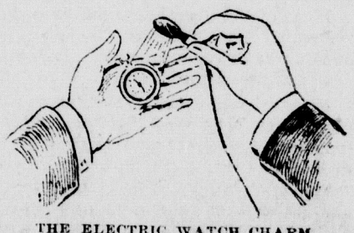
Pickard could see the flicker of the watchman's lamp under the door, and knocking with the little strength remaining to him, was released. He died, however, eleven days later as the result of sulphur poisoning.

It is related that after being released from his terrible imprisonment he remembered he had not lighted the stoves in the other bleaching houses, and actually went into each of them and completed his day's work.—London Mail.

TELLING TIME IN THE DARK.

Small Electric Light Which Is Carried on the Watch Chain.

The electric scarf-pin, which many up-to-date young men have been wearing, now has a rival. A design similar to the pin is now hung on the watch-chain. It is charged in the same man-



THE ELECTRIC WATCH CHARM.

ner. It can be taken off at will, the wire being intact, and enables one to tell the time no matter how dark the surroundings. When not in use it hangs on the chain. Being incased in a gold or silver reflector, it looks quite presentable.

To My Left Hand.

I envy you your life of rest. You live in luxury.
You e'er enjoy the very best the fates reserve for me.
You've never worked in all your life.
You've never known a care.
You've always lived apart from strife—existence sweet and rare.

My right has e'er my writing done, while you have stood aside.
You've had your full share of the fun, and yet in peace abide.
You've never penned a line for me, nor ever struck a blow,
And it is very plain to see you've never known a woe.

And yet, dear friend, I cannot say the time will ever be
That there will be the dawn of day when you're not dear to me.
My right hand is more useful, yes, but prithee, do not pout.
You are a friend, I must confess, I cannot do without.

So here's to you, my left hand, may you ever live in peace,
And may the joys that round you stand forever more increase.
Let others sneer because your days are passed in luxury,
And ever placed in happy ways, you're mighty dear to me.
—St. Louis Republic.

Picturesque Costume.

The Princess of Montenegro, the beautiful mother of the Crown Princess of Italy, has been visiting Rome and startling the Romans by wearing her picturesque national costume. When driving she wears a bright scarlet silk cloak thickly embroidered with gold, and on her head a diadem of black velvet glistened with gold coins and gems. For the opera she dresses in cloth of gold.

Seal of the Treasury.

The seal of the Treasury Department, which has been in use for thirty-six years in the division of loans and currency, begins to show signs of serious wear, and it will be replaced by a new one.

Deepest Well.

Gallagher township Clinton County, Pa., is likely to have the deepest well in the State. The oil and gas company has decided to sink its experimental well to a depth of 3,500 feet.

When one man proposes a good thing, another man usually proposes one so much better that nothing is done.

Never say pants; speak of them as pantaloons, or pantalettes.

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

Why We Should Attend Divine Service

"LATELY some of the religious journals have been seeking information which might shed light upon the matter of securing better church attendance," says the New York Christian Intelligencer. "Questions have been sent to preachers asking as to 'what kind of hearer they liked best,' and to laymen as to 'what kind of preacher they liked best.' The replies have been varied and informing, and we doubt not will be helpful. Yet we cannot but think in both inquiries too much emphasis has been laid upon likes and dislikes. The matter of Sunday observance and of the worship of the sanctuary rests upon a higher plane than that of mere preference—what one likes or dislikes is subordinate to what is duty and what is spiritually healthful. The preacher can properly seek to please his hearers, but that is secondary to pleasing his Master, and his own popularity must ever be subordinated to faithfulness in proclaiming the truth. Hearers should go to church because it is God's house and the appointed place for worship, rather than from mere liking for the preacher. The example of our Lord is worthy of study in this connection."

Ten Persecutions of the Church.

The "Ten Persecutions of the Christian Church" were: 1. The persecution under Nero A. D. 64, when the Emperor, having set fire to Rome, threw the odium of the execrable action on the Christians. 2. The general persecution under Domitian, A. D. 95; 40,000 supposed to have suffered martyrdom. 3. In the year 106, under Trajan. 4. Under Marcus Aurelius. 5. Under Severus. An edict, A. D. 197, prohibited every subject of the empire, under severe penalties, from embracing the Jewish or Christian faith. 6. Under Emperor Maximus, A. D. 235. 7. This, the most dreadful persecution, occurred during the short reign of Decius. The imperial edict for persecuting the Christians was published A. D. 249. 8. Under Emperor Valerian, A. D. 257. 9. Under Emperor Aurelian, A. D. 274. 10. The last general persecution of Christians began in the nineteenth year of the Emperor Diocletian, A. D. 303. Houses, filled with Christians, were set on fire, and droves of them were bound together with ropes, and cast into the sea.

Light on the Cloud.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie,
In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side;
Though rage the tempest loud,
And scattered its terrors far and wide,
There's a light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east winds blow
From the foggy seas of doubt.

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,
When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dim,
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
Where shine the eternal stars.
—M. J. Savage.

Modern Beatitudes.

Blessed are the old-fashioned people who have not yet forgotten to carry their Bibles to church and Sunday school.

Blessed are the old-fashioned people who have not yet learned to read the morning daily paper more of a Sunday morning, before church time, than they read their Bibles.

Blessed are the people who have not bowed the knee to "what the people say."

Blessed are the people who will not cater to the world to make money for the Lord.

Blessed are they who fear impurity more than they do ecclesiastical opinions.

Blessed are they who have learned that purity and right are bigger than all the world.

Blessed are they who have found out how to maintain their justified walk with God.

Blessed are they who have found out the omnipotence of inward loyalty to God.

Holiness.

If we really want to be holy, we must give up all easy ways of attaining it, and realize that it means absolute transformation of life. It is not rapture; it is not being caught up into third heaven; it is living the overcoming life by the power of God. It is leaving the fluctuating life behind, and coming under the sway, not of a theory or of a plan, but of a person. There will be no victorious life until the living Christ is King over our lives. The electric car discards horses and abolishes cables. It stands on the track with no power of motion anywhere visible. The moment the trolley-arm completes the circuit all the force of the dynamo pushes at the car, and it goes. The holiness never comes until the circuit is completed in the life by a union with Christ through obedience, and then the power is so real that nobody ever doubts it.—The American Friend.

Alliance with Christ.

The consciousness of union with Christ follows quickly upon conversion and is very precious. It is novel as it is sweet. It is a fact about which there is no lack of testimony, but which nobody can understand until it has become a part of one's individual experience. Familiar as is the thought of alliance with Jesus, of having Him for a constant friend, partner and helper, it is new and striking when we first appreciate what it means. It is more than acquaintance, more than mutual confidence and co-operation, more than even genuine fellowship. It is intimacy—that close, affectionate, intelligent, unreserved and tender mutual communion of soul with soul, which we understand well, and admire greatly when we see it illustrated by two human beings.—The Congregationalist.

Appalling Heterodoxy.

In the course of some reminiscences of the late Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser of Marylebone Presbyterian Church, a writer in the Monthly Messenger, one of the publications of the Presbyterian Church of England, relates an amusing story of a Scotch minister who fell into disfavor with his people on the ground of not being "very soond on the Sawbath question." The evidence of this appalling heterodoxy was that he was seen at his manse window "dandling his bit bairn up and doon in his airms, and making the maist deevelish faces at it, and him a meenister, and it the Sawbath Day!" This story, it is said, Dr. Fraser used to repeat with great enjoyment.

A Common Irreverence.

A new minister in a village in Somerset County, Maine, broke up a good old custom on a recent Sunday by remarking: "Those of the congregation who did not get their things on during the prayer can do so while I pronounce the benediction."

Throughout the World.

The Y. M. C. A. of Kimberley, South Africa, which is only two years old, has a membership of over 300.

Princeton Theological Seminary has graduated 4,506 students for the ministry, of whom 2,537 are living.

The second international council of Congregational churches will be held in Boston Sept. 20 to 28, 1899.

The general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South will be held in Baltimore, commencing May 5.

The largest junior Christian Endeavor society in the New York City union is at Five Points House of Industry, and numbers 200.

It is estimated that there are now 80,000 Protestant communicants in China, which gives an average of one Christian for every 5,000 unevangelized Chinese.

Two hundred and sixteen officers of the Salvation army in Australia have volunteered for work in Java, India and Japan, where they will be sent shortly.

Missionaries in Japan report that the spirit of self-support is getting a firmer hold in that country, both of the preachers and people, although their ability to give is small.

Twenty-three million dollars was contributed for church support and benevolence by the Congregationalists and Presbyterians of this country during the past year.

The members of a native Baptist church at Savoy, Burmah, recently pledged themselves to give one month's wages each for the extension of evangelistic work in that country.

The Wesleyan Methodist church of England is trying to raise £1,000,000 to commemorate the commencement of the twentieth century. Their plan is to have 1,000,000 Methodists guarantee £1 each.

The French branch of the Y. M. C. A. of New York City has recently received one of the three medals given by the French Government "to the educational institutions in this country which were doing most for Frenchmen."

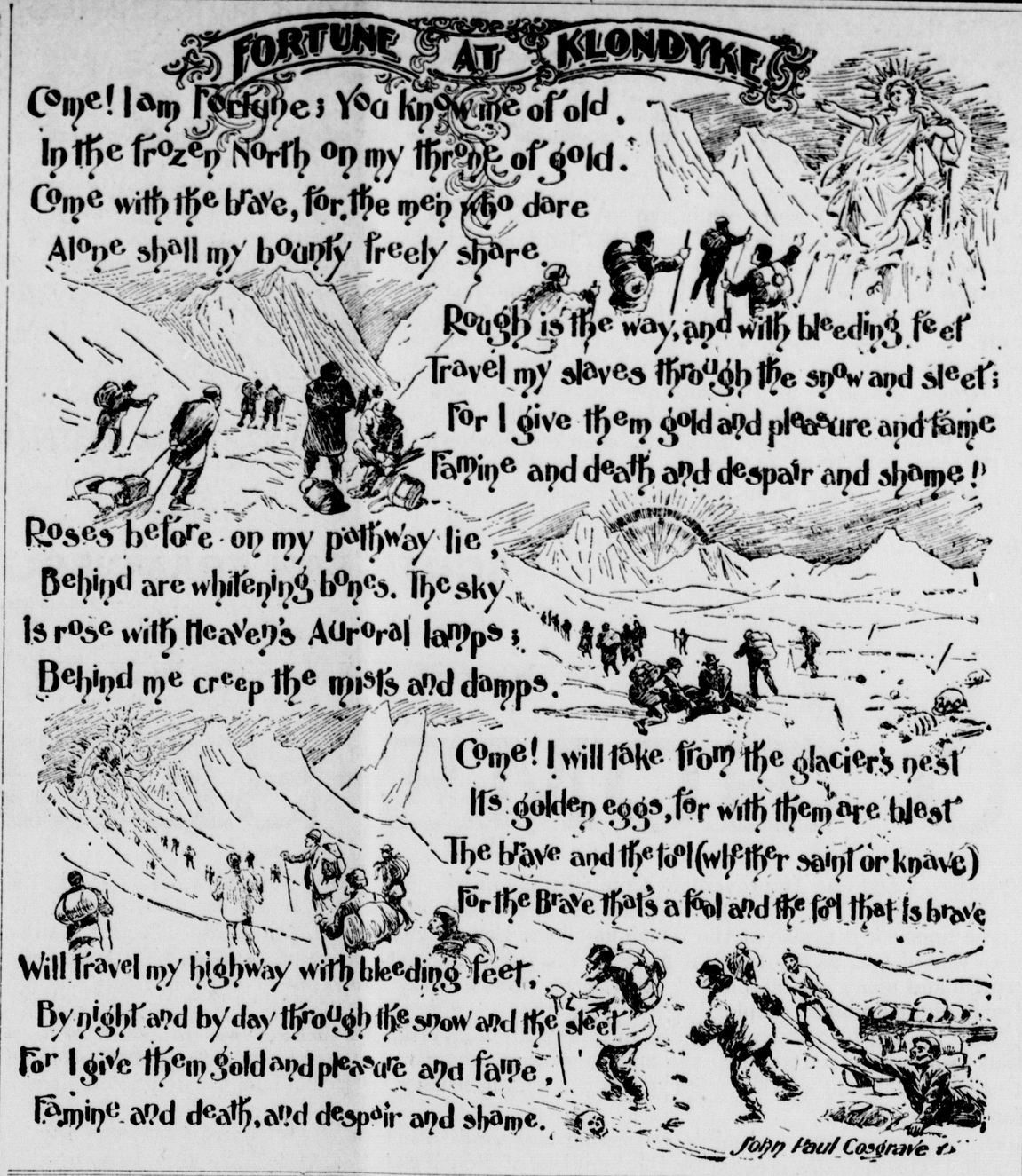
The Union Church of Honolulu is a strong and influential Christian Church. The attendants are chiefly the white people resident in the city, and as the name indicates, it is a union organization. The President of the republic is a member of the congregation.

The London Spectacle Mission is the name of a society in London, England, the object of which is to help the poor in obtaining spectacles fitted to their needs and work. This mission is carried on by Christian people, who report that last year there were 798 applicants.

Whatsoever it be that disorders, annoys, grieves you, makes life look dark and your heart dumbly ache, or wets your eyes with bitter tears, look at it steadily, look at it deeply, look at it in the thought of God and his purpose of good, and already the pain and annoy of it will begin to brighten.

John Wanamaker has been superintendent at the Bethany Sunday school for more than forty years continuously. He began with two teachers and twenty-seven pupils. Now the school numbers 4,500. Dr. Chapman, the pastor of Bethany Church, has nine assistants, and the membership numbers 3,700.

There are some spirits which must go through a discipline analogous to that sustained by Elijah. The storm struggle must precede the still small voice. There are hearts which must be broken with disappointment before they can rise into hope. Blessed is the man who recognizes his Father's voice in the undertone of the tempest, and bares his head and bows his knee as Elijah did.



SOUTHERN BLOODHOUNDS.

They Are the Descendants of the Fierce Man-Eating Cuban Dog.

The first Cuban bloodhounds landed upon this continent were imported 200 years ago by Spanish planters of Louisiana, then Spanish territory, writes H. S. Canfield in the Chicago Times-Herald. We all know what the dons were

THE HEAD OF A BLOODHOUND.

about 1700. Negroes were cheaper then, and if a slave gave trouble it did not much matter that the bloodhound's hold upon his throat was broken only by the tearing of the flesh and tendons. Many times in those days the fugitive negro did not live after his capture. If he succeeded in gaining a tree, his olive-skinned masters shot him out as they would a squirrel. If on the ground when caught the dogs killed him, sometimes before the arrival of the horsemen who had ridden hard to be in at the death.

The Cuban hound was a valuable dog and he was well treated. In some of the old court records of Louisiana are bills of sale of him. In instances the price ran as high as $800 a pair. The breed spread all through the South, although I have never heard of the dogs being used as man hunters in the upper tier of Southern States. I doubt that one has ever been laid upon the trail of a negro in Virginia, North Carolina or Maryland.

As a matter of course the planters of this century were careful to protect their slaves as far as possible from attacks by the animals. This was generally easy. The runaway slave invariably made for the swamp at the back of the plantation. It contained many streams and lagoons, which aided him in throwing the dogs off the scent. If the worst came to the worst he could always climb a tree. I have no doubt that the ancient anecdote of the coon which remarked to the man with the gun, "Don't shoot, mister; I'm going to come down," had its origin in some runaway "hand" perched in a cypress and gazing down at his irate master, but preserving always the negro's sense of humor. Indeed, the story is loved and venerated in every "quarters" south of Mason and Dixon's line, and is always good for a laugh. The planter's care in this matter was dictated more by policy than humanity. It did not pay to have a $1,000 negro chewed up by a $50 dog.

The bloodhound is now used only in the pursuit of criminals. Every southern penitentiary has a brace or more of them. They are not infrequently a part of the sheriff's outfit. The breed is not always pure, but the dogs serve their purpose. Their keenness of scent is one of the most remarkable things in nature, though it is of value principally in the more thinly-settled region. It seems incredible that the mere temporary pressure of a man's boot or shoe upon the ground should leave a traceable scent for twenty-four hours, providing that there has been no rain, but there is no doubt that it does. Sometimes in the South a murderer breaks jail. Until the universal introduction of chilled steel cages this was not a difficult matter. Dogs are telegraphed for at a distance probably of 150 miles. They arrive a day after the escape. They are led in leash to the point where the criminal is supposed to have made his exit and uncoupled. They take up the scent instantly and follow it rapidly. The man must have crossed much water or confused his trail with the hurrying footsteps of dozens of others to throw them off. Always supposing that twenty-four hours is the extreme limit of "law" allowed the fugitive, the bloodhounds are the best means of effecting his capture. Having far to travel, they do not bay. They have no breath to waste.

CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.

A Diagram Which Shows the Result of Statistical Research.

This interesting diagram almost explains itself. It shows the chances of marriage of spinsters and widows and whom they are most likely to marry. It is claimed by statisticians that spinsters from 15 to 44 have best chance with bachelors and after that should direct their attention to widowers. The diagram shows the result of statistical research and is authentic. With widows up to the age of 39 their best chance is with bachelors, and after that the widowers should receive their devotion.

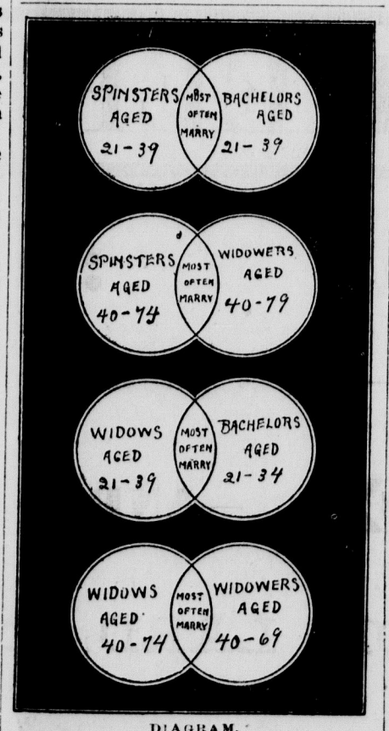


DIAGRAM.

It Was a Strange Month.

February, 1866, was in one way the most wonderful month in the world's history. It had no full moon. January and March each had two full moons, but February had none. Astronomers say this is the only instance on record.

Read Her Own Obituary.

Mme. Patti has had the uncanny experience of reading her own obituary notices, the Australian papers having made the mistake of supposing that she, and not her husband, died recently.

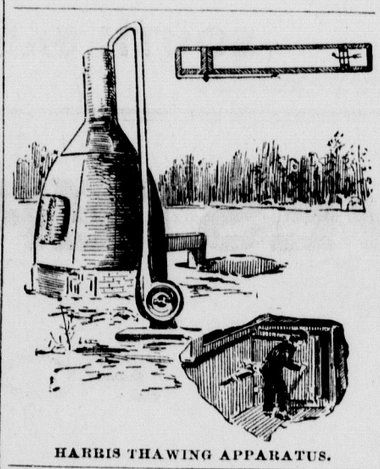
Meaning of the Word Squirrel.

The word squirrel is from two Greek words which mean shadow tail.

TO THAW THE GROUND.

Here's an Apparatus that Will Prove a Boon to Klondike.

To thaw frozen ground and facilitate the working of shafts and tunnels therein an apparatus to direct and retain the heat of a furnace upon the face of an excavation, while also rendering access practicable to such face, is shown in the accompanying illustration, and has been patented by William E. Harris, of Chicago. The cone-shaped firebox of the furnace is formed by a coil of pipe covered by a layer of clay inside the shell, there being a suitable outlet at the top for the escape of the smoke and gases, and through which the upper end of the coil extends, to connect with a blower, by which air is forced through the pipe to be heated by the burning fuel, says the Scientific American. The lower end of the coil is extended through a box or conduit, where it is surrounded by sand or other non-conducting material to the ground to be thawed, where it connects with a sleeve held on a shield set against the ground at the end of the tunnel. The shield consists of a hollow frame, with central hollow door, there being apertures in the walls of the frame and door, allowing the heated air to pass directly in contact with the frozen ground against which the shield is placed. A jack holds the shield in position as the thawing proceeds, the door being opened from time to time to remove the ground, and the shield being moved forward accordingly, the pipe connecting with the coil being lengthened as the work progresses.



HARRIS THAWING APPARATUS.

Drink Man Needs.

An average man requires fifty-nine ounces of food per diem. He needs thirty-seven ounces of water for drinking, and in breathing he absorbs thirty ounces of oxygen. He eats as much water as he drinks, so much of that fluid being contained in various foods. In order to supply fuel for running the body machine and make up for waste tissue he ought to swallow daily the equivalent of twenty ounces of bread, three ounces of potatoes, one ounce of butter and one quart of water. The body is mostly water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains ninety-six pounds, or forty-six quarts, of water.

Just Seau.

Mary Ann sat alone with her beau
For hours with the gas turned leau;
When he said he must leave,
She caught hold of his sleeve,
While she wept and exclaimed "Eau neau!"
—Chicago News.

Every one feels that he would fare better if he lived in a hovel, where the good are always rewarded.

EGYPTIAN IRRIGATION SCHEME.

Controversy Between the Engineers and the Archaeologists.

The khedive in council has approved a contract just concluded for the construction of two great dams for the storage and control of the water of the Nile. For many years past there has been exhaustive examination and discussion of different plans proposed for the attainment of this object. From this complete and scientific investigation of the whole question the plan now adopted has emerged as the best and most satisfactory solution of a great problem. Englishmen, at all events, will think none the worse of it when we say that it is a compromise. Mr. Willcocks, to whose ability and diligence in investigating the whole subject it is scarcely possible to pay too high a tribute, arrived three or four years ago at the conclusion that the best site for impounding the water of the Nile is just above Assuan at the first cataract. But there was one grave objection to the scheme as it originally stood. Ptolemy II. had built a temple to Isis, whose tears, by the way, are the legendary cause of the rise of the Nile, upon the Island of Philae, and that island would have been almost submerged had the Nile been held up to the extent proposed. Our readers doubtless remember the storm of controversy that raged round this point. What is a temple, said the engineers, in comparison with a work involving the prosperity of millions of human beings? Are base commercial motives, cried the archaeologists, to override everything in this world, and is a priceless monument of antiquity to be lost to mankind in order that a few more fellaheen may grow cotton and millet? Various solutions were proposed. Philae was to be surrounded by masonry as solid as the dam itself, and was to be thus secured against all anticipated dangers. One distinguished engineer was prepared to hoist the temple bodily and underpin it, so as to stand permanently above the highest water level. Mr. Wilcocks himself, if we remember aright, discussed its removal stone by stone and its re-erection on a neighboring island which will never be submerged. The actual solution is more prosaic. The dam is to be built on the unrivaled site at Assuan, but it is not to be carried to the height first proposed. A head of forty-six feet of water now satisfies the engineers and does not alarm the archaeologists. Of course the water supply is greatly reduced, for the originally proposed head of water was some five meters greater, but if something is lost much remains. Cost is reduced and the provision of water is perhaps as great as Egypt can profitably utilize for some years to come. This great dam will serve the double purpose of storing water in relief of the dry season or of abnormally low Niles and of mitigating the violence of exceptional floods. The contractors, who promise completion in five years, present a moderate bill. They are to receive £160,000 a year for thirty years from the carrying out of their contract. That is a payment of nearly five millions, but the credit is very long, and the present actuarial value is probably about half the sum. It may be confidently stated that without the credit of the British Government Egypt could never have come within speaking distance of so good a bargain. The annual payment will be saved three times over in security from floods alone. The great work, which will be carried out under Sir William Garstin's able supervision, with its subsidary system of canals both for irrigation and for transport, and with the accompanying drainage system, the importance of which is now fully recognized, will constitute such an addition to the sum of rational happiness and prosperity as it does not every day fall to the lot of the most well-meaning rules to make.—London Times.

Horace Greeley's Handwriting.

His handwriting I early learned the alphabet of, giving him in reply—as some who thought they knew said—"as good as he sent." His chirography was phenomenally and preternaturally atrocious; but when you once got the trick of the hieroglyphics, it was not so very difficult to read. The stories about it outnumber the fables of Aesop. It is claimed that the presidents and secretaries of some lyceums would occasionally get a letter from him announcing that he could not come, which they read affirmatively, and to which they would reply that the date named and price mentioned were entirely satisfactory, and then proceed to make public an announcement of his lecture. —Harper's Magazine.

Swear Off for Five Years.

Two of the most promising and enterprising young business men of Ansonia, Conn., while discussing the follies of leading a bohemian life, agreed to abstain from intoxicating beverages for five years and drew up and signed a contract by which if either breaks the resolution he shall have to pay the sum of $100. Both are bachelors and well-to-do. Liquor used as medicine will, of course, be excepted.

Francois Coppee's Pet Cats.

Francois Coppee, the great French poet, novelist and dramatist, is an old bachelor, and is as devoted to his pet cats as the proverbial spinster. An American friend, who visited him a few years ago, avers that he found one cat in the ante-chamber of the poet's residence, two cats in the dining-room, four in the parlor, and eight in his study.

Tenants Have a Black List.

Berlin landlords have for a long time kept a blacklist of undesirable tenants. Now an association of tenants has been formed which has drawn up a list of unpleasant landlords, including all those who make use of the blacklist.

A law-suit is apt to wear out at the pockets first.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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